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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 27.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 8, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Lady Isabel Innes-Ker

The marriage of Lady Isabel Innes-Ker, who is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, to Mr. Guy Wilson, on June 25, will be one of the smartest weddings of the season

No. 27.—Vol. III.

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Wednesday, June 8, 1904

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should therefore be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

June 8, 1904

The other day, receiving the gift of a seat, I went to see Sir Charles Wyndham as David Garrick, in the play of that name which has been advertised for a few nights. Let me confess at once that I have never seen it before. My personal desire is never to see it again.

I say nothing of the players themselves, except to remark parenthetically that the only actor who impressed me was Mr. Bishop, in the part of Simon Ingot. I cannot see what else Miss Mary Moore as his daughter Ada could do, except moon in a love-sick, forlorn manner through three acts. Ada is one of the most unsympathetic creations even of the stage, for while one can, in a sly way, feel attracted to some human, if wicked, character—Lady Macbeth for instance—it is impossible to feel otherwise than a whole-hearted contempt for so inane and flavourless a person as Ada Ingot.

As regards Sir Charles Wyndham, although I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, I feel confident he has a higher opinion of the King of Actors than to suppose that Robertson's creation resembles him. The *rôle* is that of a man distinguished in no way above the puppets introduced for the sole purpose of causing mental comparison, except that he is more noisy, and incessantly occupies the centre of the stage. David Garrick is made the hero because the puppets affect to sneer at the actor's profession, and it requires a big name to snub them effectually. But when Garrick pretends to get intoxicated, in order to disgust Ada, who loves him before she has spoken to him, I must say it left me merely pitying the generation that found *David Garrick* so great a play that it not only made Sir Charles Wyndham's name, but his fortune. Ye gods!

Such a play would not live a fortnight in these days. It is artificial and stilted to the core. Its sentiment is false, its construction is false, for it apparently was built up on the assumption that if you only make the setting of the play foolish enough, the mediocrity of the principals must shine up in contrast with the effeteness of the others. And yet, and yet . . . . on the night I was there, the applause was not so meagre, which causes this reflection: Is the public taste on a much lower level than is commonly supposed? If so, this accounts for the popularity of musical comedy, and of plays like *The Darling of the Gods*. Apropos of the last mentioned, I must be excused for mentioning that, just a few nights before its withdrawal, two Japanese gentlemen were observed in the stalls. They nearly died of apoplexy consequent on having to suppress their merriment. No wonder Mr. Tree has withdrawn it.

Meanwhile, cheek by jowl with *David Garrick* at the New Theatre, is *Cynthia*, which is being played to more or less empty houses at Wyndham's Theatre. Why it is playing to small houses is only answerable by the contention that playgoers are unable to appreciate cleverness. *Cynthia* simply sparkles with wit, and is admirably acted. Miss Ethel Barrymore is an actress who, to my mind, hardly has a peer among the ranks of players of to-day. Some day the public will discover this—in about ten years' time, I expect.

There has been a great furore in the Press lately because of the report of the Royal Commission recommending conscription. If we continue to require a tremendous army to guard our different Colonial possessions, and at the same time administer unmistakable snubs to Volunteers, we are bound to come to conscription, and there is no good in shirking the fact. Volunteers, if properly trained and encouraged, could defend our home shores quite as well as the professional article; probably better, because, being Volunteers, they are likely to bring more intelligence to bear in their duties. And, as we know now, the soldier should not be entirely a machine. He needs to act and think for himself.

But the strongest argument against conscription is, that this country exists, as a great world Power, far more by reason of its commercial greatness than by its prowess at arms. Englishmen are brave, and so are the men of other nations, but success in modern warfare depends principally on a solid banking account. If our young men were to have to follow the pursuit of arms—I do not say that a training to the extent the Volunteer undergoes would do other than good, but if they were trained as Continental nations train their conscripts—our commercial pre-eminence would soon disappear. America, our greatest commercial rival, does not look on conscription favourably. Germany and France, which do, can maintain, on their soil, at least double our population, have greater natural resources, and yet are nothing like so prosperous.

You should order your "Bystander" for June 22 early, in order to ensure seeing the first of Miss Marie Corelli's articles on Modern Life, Manners, and Society. These articles, which will be published exclusively in "The Bystander," are among Miss Corelli's most serious contributions to journalism, and are written in her well-known fearless spirit of criticism.

The Bystander in Parliament

CRISES IN THE KOREAN CABINET

The other day I observed a little item of news, in a forlorn corner at the bottom of a column on the least prominent page of an evening paper, to the following effect:

> After long quibbling the Korean Cabinet has granted the fishing rights on the west coast provinces of Korea.

This may obviously be regarded as a "net" gain for Japan, and I think that the Korean Cabinet has exercised a wise discretion in meeting Japan half way. "Early and provident fear is the mother of safety," observed Edmund Burke, and the worthy Emperor Yi and his Cabinet may well play for safety just now. Moreover, there is a touch of magnanimity about this decision not to add to the troubles of Japan just now.

It may be news to some that Korea has a Cabinet, but such is the case. I find it encouraging to know that other countries have Cabinets and Constitutions, for, as Rochefoucauld thoughtfully remarked, "we have all sufficient strength to endure the misfortunes of others." I dare say they have public speaking in Korea, hon. and right hon. gentlemen, and noble lords, who make life hideous in the usual manner. So I am tempted to-day to turn from the contemplation of our own public men and to regard those of this much tried "buffer State."

Recent Cabinet Councils in Korea have probably been anxious times for the Ministry. For there is something really worth calling a crisis in that interesting realm. This little concession to Japan shows that the Korean statesmen are fully informed as to the direction in which the cat is jumping. They have grasped the potentialities of the situation, and are alive to the necessities of the case. They "know something" in the Korean Downing Street, and no doubt the Ministerial press is calling attention to the masterly diplomacy which has at last settled this long standing trouble about fishing on the West Coast.

There is something delightfully human about the public men in Korea. They had a Reform Bill not long ago, and according to a learned authority:

> Many reforms were introduced, such as fixed salaries for Government officials; a reduction in the number of useless hangers-on, and an effort towards order in the departments of State.

The Government official is the same all over the world, so there is nothing surprising in the fact that the first item in the Korean Reform Bill was the establishment of fixed salaries. That is a sound plank in the platform, which appeals (if a plank may be said to appeal) to the Universal official. I can imagine the Prime Minister of Korea rousing his colleagues by some such battlecry as:

> Uprouse ye then
> My merry, merry men
> 'Twill soon be quarter-day.

At the same time, there is nothing revolutionary in the methods of your Korean reformer. There was no proposal to do away with useless hangers-on, but only to reduce the number. It would not do to shake public confidence by the policy of the fell swoop. Old institutions and vested interests must be respected, and in Korea, as elsewhere nearer home, the useless hanger-on is a great factor in the mundane movement. Moreover, the honest fellow no doubt demanded compensation. He had, if not an absolute freehold in being a useless hanger-on, at least a moral claim to consideration—and we in this country should be the last to ignore such a claim.

For what would public life be without its useless hangers-on? I turn from the contemplation of an impossible state of things to point out another instance of nice discrimination on the part of the Korean reformer. He was content to "make an effort" towards order in the departments of State. Not the establishment of order itself, but a tendency in that direction. After all, perfect order is rather a pestilential condition of things, and the Korean Civil Service—the pride of every true Korean and the envy of surrounding nations, would very probably resent it.

There is a strong Tory party in Korea, and according to the learned authority already quoted, the members of that party are not prepared to take these innovations lying down. They regard them as mouldy old shibboleths, and I note with interest, but without surprise, that

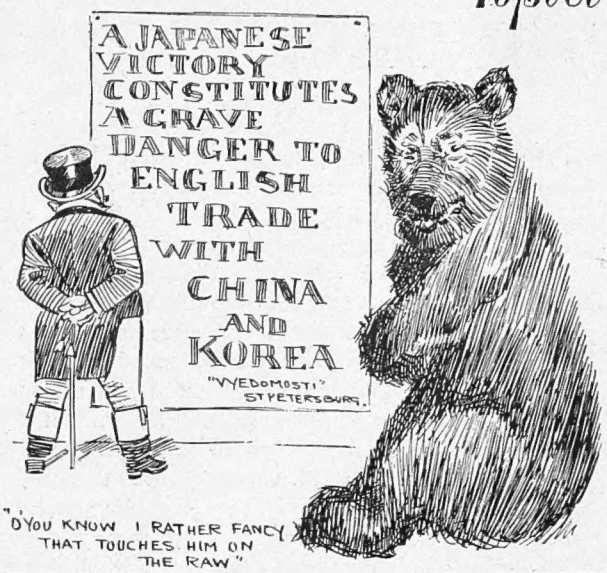
> There exists, however, a strong reactionary tendency, especially in the Household Department, and various abuses have recently revived.

No doubt they sigh for the good old days, and declare that Korea is going to the dogs because of newfangled notions. It is indeed startling to learn that "the privileges of the aristocracy have been abolished." This fact alone is enough to account for the strong reactionary tendency.

The lot of a Korean aristocrat was never too rosy, but at one time he had the right to quarter himself and all his relatives on the public. They relied on that fine old institution, the Consolidated Fund, nor did they rely in vain. But a Korean aristocrat without privileges is a singularly forlorn figure in society. I understand that some of them have been forced to take to company promoting, and to trying to pick up a dishonest livelihood on the Stock Exchange in Seoul. Distressed Peers in all lands are driven to queer processes, and there is a similarity in their methods which is no doubt explained by the phrase *noblesse oblige*.

S. L. H.

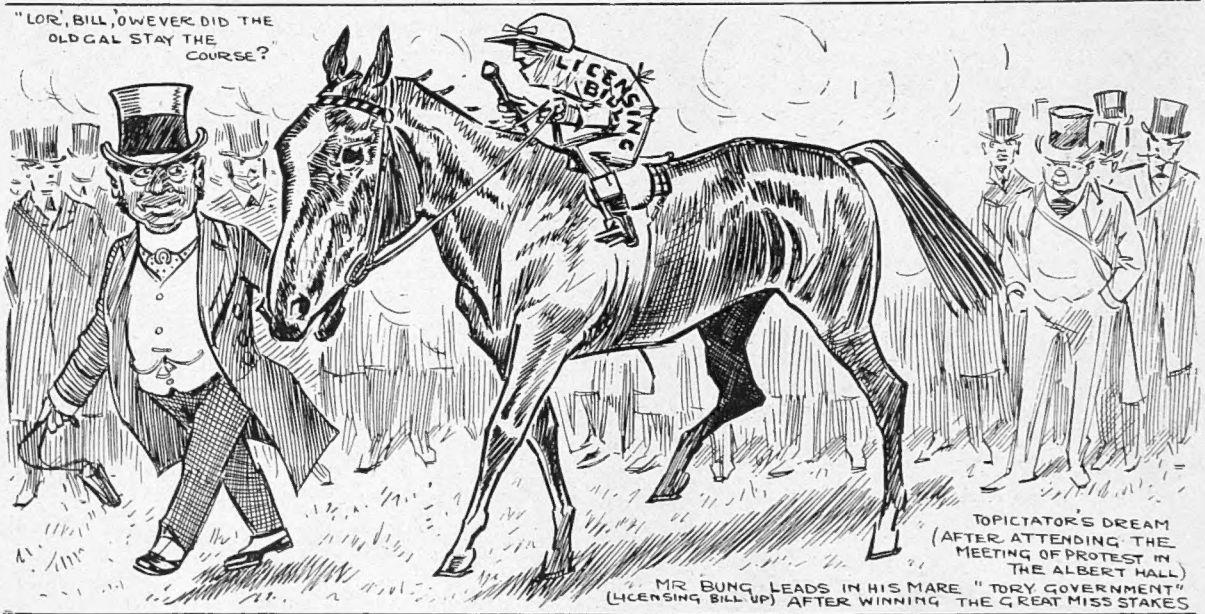
The Topictator



"D'YOU KNOW I RATHER FANCY THAT TOUCHES HIM ON THE RAW"

OUR COOK

"SOUL? I NEVER 'EARD SICH RUBBIDGE. GI'ME ONE WITH A GOOD 'EART."

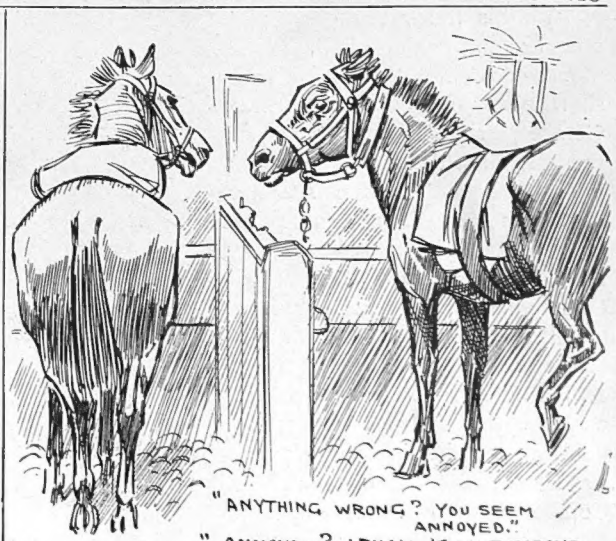


TOPICTATOR'S DREAM (AFTER ATTENDING THE MEETING OF PROTEST IN THE ALBERT HALL)

MR BUNG LEADS IN HIS MARE "TORY GOVERNMENT" (LICENSING BILL UP) AFTER WINNING THE GREAT MISS STAKES

IT IS RUMOURED THAT OWING TO HIS INABILITY TO GET A CAB THE HON. ROGER FITZ-AZURE RECENTLY WALKED FROM HIS ROOMS IN THE ALBANY TO PRINCE'S. NO CREDENCE, HOWEVER IS GIVEN TO THE RUMOUR IN THE CLUBS

F.G.



"ANYTHING WRONG? YOU SEEM ANNOYED."

"ANNOYED? I SHALL KICK SOMEONE PRESENTLY. LAST YEAR I WAS A RESPECTABLE ARMY HORSE AND DID TENT-PEGGING. THIS YEAR I DO PUSHBALL — AND NEXT YEAR NO DOUBT I'LL BE SHUV HA'P'NY."

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

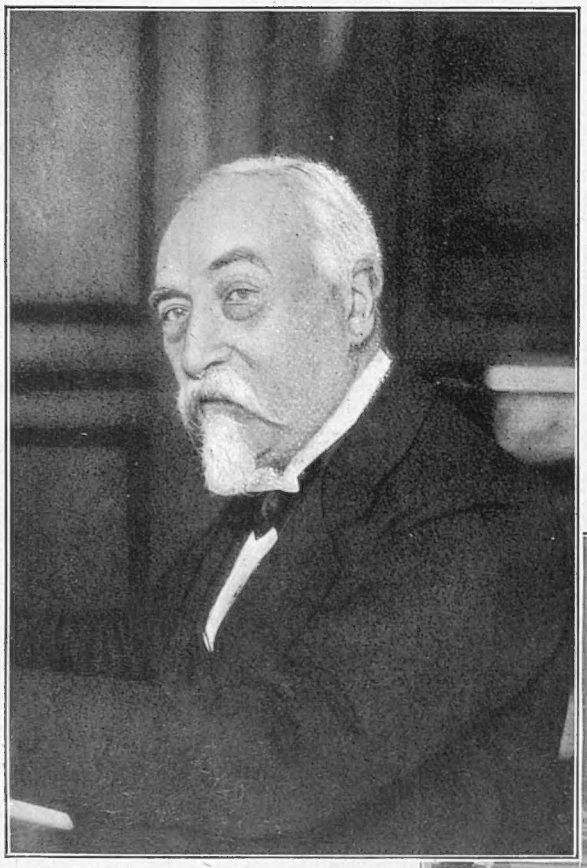


Photo b *Gerschel*

M. Emile Combes

The French Prime Minister

"Père" Combes

With his blue-green eyes, pink complexion, white hair, white moustache, white "Imperial," and short, portly little figure, M. Emile Combes, Prime Minister of France, presents more the appearance of a mild, benevolent bourgeois than of a statesman so daring, so fearless of public opinion as to wage relentless war against the Catholic Church. Nothing fierce about him—not even when he speaks. Nor is he eloquent: he is merely fluent, cool, imperturbable, and it is this coolness that most exasperates his political enemies in the Chamber of Deputies. Of enemies, M. Combes has a host. His campaign against the Congregations, his future plan of separating the Church from the State and completely suppressing the French Embassy to the Vatican—this, to happen next January—have aroused the greatest indignation among the Deputies of the Right and Extreme Right; and recently, during the debates on his anti-Clerical policy, M. Combes' appearance in the tribune was the signal for a tremendous uproar. However, the Premier remained perfectly unmoved. He merely surveyed the scene with an amused expression, sipped his glass of sugared water; and when the tumult had subsided be began his speech coolly, clearly, without the slightest reference to the hostile reception accorded him. It is said that M. Combes hopes to succeed M. Loubet, as President of the Republic, but he is not so ambitious. He accepted office merely to fulfil his desire of aiming death blows at Catholicism in France, and he may be said (temporarily at least) to have succeeded.

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

His Holiness Pope Pius X. in a loggia of the Vatican

Princess Alexandra of Cumberland

The Queen has taken a great deal of interest in the marriage of her niece, Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, which takes place this week at Gmünden, for not only is the bride the god-daughter and namesake of our Queen, but she has always been a great favourite of hers. She is a delightful girl, thoroughly natural and happy-hearted, with simple, out-of-door tastes, which she has been able to gratify to the full in her lovely Austrian home. Her marriage should prove an ideally happy one, as she and her husband have many tastes in common.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a true sportsman and a fine soldier; he is one of the youngest of European Rulers, and there were great rejoicings when he attained his majority. Boy as he is, he has learnt the secret of winning hearts, for few can boast more friends than he, and there is none who better deserves them. To add to his attractions, he is by no means lacking in this world's goods which help to make life pleasant. The wedding is to be celebrated in the chapel of the Castle, seen in our illustration below. Cumberland Castle, which belongs to the bride's father, who is a cousin of King Edward VII., is situated amid some of grandest scenery of the Salzkammergat in Austria, and Gmünden, the neighbouring town, is a favourite summer bathing place.

Photo by *Jagerspacher*

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, who are to be married this week

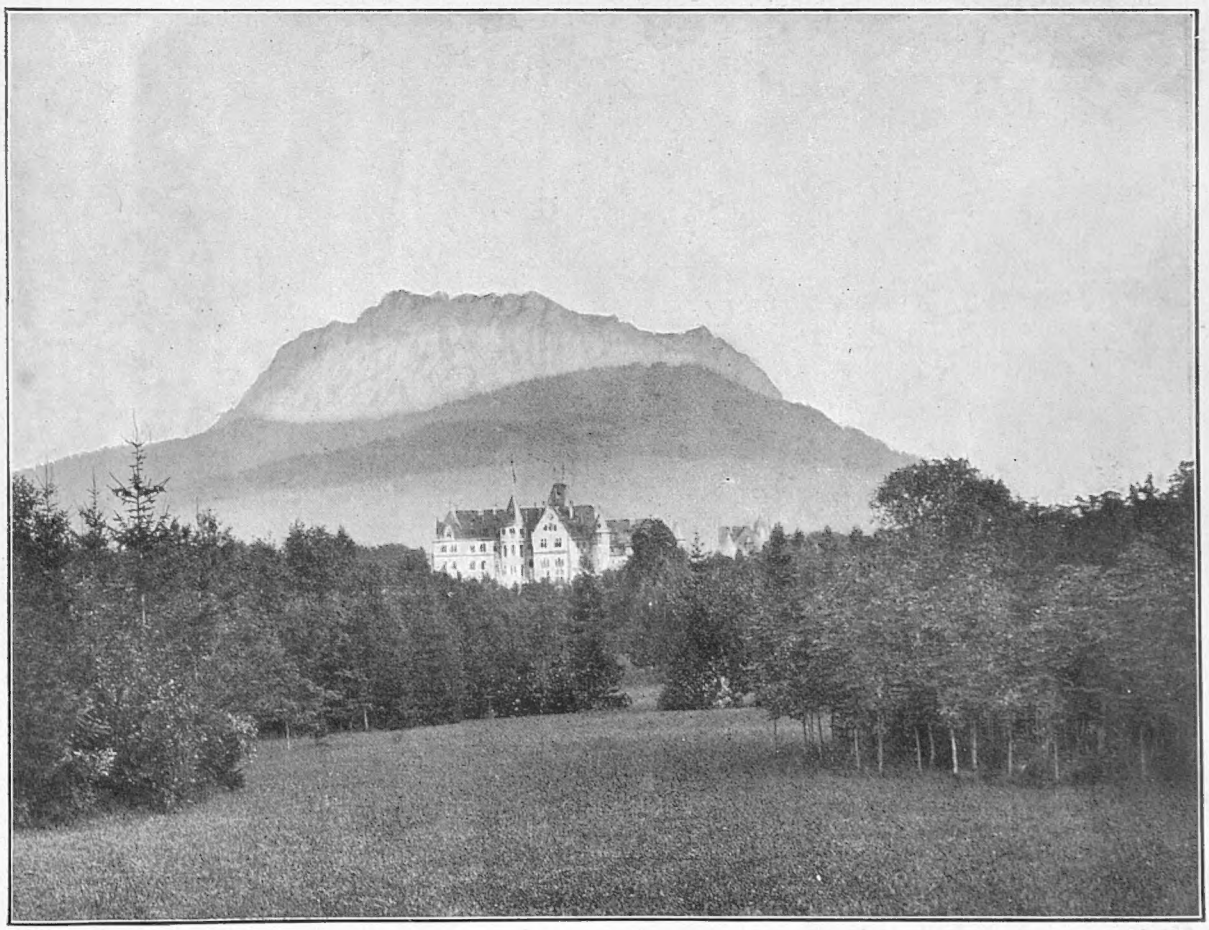


Photo by *Russell*

Cumberland Castle, Gmünden, Austria, where the marriage of Princess Alexandra and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is to take place

Lady Mildred Murray

A very interesting wedding takes place at the end of this month, when Lady Mildred Murray, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Dunmore, is to be married to Captain Follett. The bride is charmingly pretty, and bears a striking resemblance to her handsome and gallant brother, Lord Fincastle, who has covered himself with glory in several campaigns, winning the coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross during the frontier war in Afghanistan. Lord and Lady Dunmore are both devoted to the cause of Christian Science and are regular attendants of that church when in London, while they have induced many of their friends and neighbours at their country home to become converts to this wondrous creed. Lady Mildred will wear a wedding dress of soft white chiffon, and be followed to the altar by ten young bridesmaids in green and white. Captain Follett, the fortunate bridegroom, who is in the Guards, distinguished himself in South Africa, and is wonderfully popular with his brother officers. He is an ardent believer in Christian Science, and it was their mutual interest in this faith which brought these young people together. The Folletts are a well-known legal family, and it was an ancestor of Captain Follett's, the celebrated Sir William Webb Follett, Attorney-General, who was one of the counsel in the *cause célèbre* of "Norton *v.* Norton and Lord Melbourne," the incidents of which trial furnished Dickens with his case of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick."

Photo by] **Signor Ruggiero Leoncavallo in Berlin, about to start for the Palace** [*Zander and Labisch*

The famous composer of *I Pagliacci* recently arrived in Berlin to deliver his new opera, *Roland*, which he was directed to write by the German Emperor. The Maestro has given a pleasant impression of his reception by the Emperor. When told that the opera had taken six years to write, the Kaiser said, "Then it will be perfect, as you are the first of the composers of the Italian Lyrical School"

Mr. Ion Perdicaris, the Millionaire Socialist

Who has just been captured near Tangier by Raisuli, the Moorish Insurgent Chief

Photo by Kate Pragnell

Mr. Ion Perdicaris

Mr. Ion Perdicaris, who was recently captured at his villa near Tangier, by Raisuli, the Moorish insurgent chief, may be considered the *doyen* of the Anglo-American community at Tangier, and is a notable figure in the society of that winter resort. Indeed, almost every globe-trotter of distinction who has ever visited the "European capital" of Morocco, has enjoyed the hospitality of this genial American citizen—for, although of Greek birth, he is a naturalised American. Owing to his philanthropic instinct, which has sometimes led him to interfere on behalf of persecuted natives who have failed to obtain the "protection" of any of the Consulates, Mr. Perdicaris has occasionally found himself in conflict with the authorities. Indeed, on one occasion, some twenty years ago, the American Consul-General actually went the length of getting him imprisoned for one night in the Tangier gaol. The indignation aroused by this outrage was, however, the real, if not officially avowed, cause of the recall of this autocratic American Consul. Mr. Perdicaris, who is the author of a novel, "Mohammed Ben Ani," dealing with native life in Morocco, is one of the leading authorities on political affairs in Morocco, and has occasionally contributed articles on the perennial Moorish question to the London monthly reviews.

Phot by *Thomson*

Mr. Gilbert Follett, Coldstream Guards

Photo by *Thomson*

Lady Mildred Murray

Youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore. Lady Mildred's engagement to Mr. Gilbert Follett, of the Coldstream Guards, has just been announced

A Smart Wedding

One of the smartest weddings of the season takes place on June 23, when Lady Isabel Innes-Ker, sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, marries Mr. Guy Wilson. The subject of our frontispiece this week is a typical Scots lassie, possessing a

Photo by *Otto*

The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia

Photo by *Thiele*

The Grand Duchess of Hesse

A FORTHCOMING ROYAL MARRIAGE

fund of animal spirits, and cherishing a profound contempt for town as compared with country life. She is good at all kinds of sport, especially the national game of golf, and has quite unusual musical talents. Lady Isabel's family have always been intimately connected with the Royal family, her mother, the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe, being in the company of the late Queen Victoria during that most terrible moment when the miscreant Maclean fired at her. The fortunate bridegroom, Mr. Guy Wilson, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, can look back upon a career which does him no little credit. He left the Army only last year, and was regarded as a soldier of great promise and ability. He served two years in India with the 11th Hussars, and was in Rimington's celebrated Scouts during part of the South African war. Mr. Guy Wilson, who is an excellent shot, is the fortunate possessor of innumerable trophies, the spoils of many a big game hunting expedition in all parts of the world.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse

The Grand Duchess of Hesse, or, as she now prefers to be called, Princess Melita of Coburg, is the second daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and took her name from her birth-place, Malta. In the nurseries at Eastwell, the four little Princesses were respectively called "Ducky," "Missy," "Landra," and "Baby." "Missy," before she had attained her seventeenth birthday, announced her intention of marrying her first cousin, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the wedding took place shortly after, very much, it is said, against the wishes of the bride's mother, the Duchess Marie of Coburg. The young pair were at first very happy together; the Tsar nicknamed them "The Tyrants of Hesse," but they troubled themselves in their extreme youth but little with the affairs of State. Their happiness, alas, did not last long, for they were utterly unsuited to one another in character and in temperament, and, with the exception of music, shared no single taste; finally they agreed to separate on the grounds of incompatibility of temper, and their marriage was dissolved. They were both devoted to their little daughter, who, it will be remembered, died under such tragic circumstances last year. The Grand Duchess meeting another cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, fell in love with him as sincerely as he with her. The Tsar, partly owing to their cousinship, "forbade the banns," but when the Grand Duke so valiantly distinguished himself the other day at Port Arthur, and returned home more dead than alive, but still eager to win his lady love, what could the Czar do but withdraw his objections? The Grand Duke is very good-looking, and is described as charming in every way. His future wife, though not so pretty as her sisters, has great distinction, and dresses to

perfection, in a style of her own. She attracts by her supreme *chic*, and, like the Crown Princess of Roumania, she boasts that *regard voilé* said to exert so sure a fascination on those about her. Had her lines been cast in other places, the Princess might have made a fortune as a pianist, for her musical talents are quite remarkable. She is devoted to horses, and to all outdoor sports, and can drive a four-in-hand with ease.

Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis

The stage is soon to be robbed of a very charming actress in the person of Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, who is to be married next week to Captain Ralph Cecil Batley. She is a daughter of the late Arthur Lewis, Esq., and Miss Kate Terry that was, eldest sister of Ellen Terry, and herself, thirty years ago, one of our most charming actresses. Miss Lewis has inherited many of her parents' talents. Coming, as she does, from a family whose brilliant gifts have adorned the English stage for three generations, it is not surprising that her own gifts in that direction have made her a public favourite. Her first success was in *The Gay Lord Quex*, in which a rather dull girl became, in her hands, owing to her sympathetic personality, what has been described as "A creamy English girl." Since then she has never looked back, and her last performance in *My Lady Rosedale* proved to her many admirers that she possessed a depth of feeling which placed her on a level with many an older and more experienced actress. She inherits from her father a charming voice and also paints miniatures extremely well. Added to these talents, she is a very clever needlewoman, and understands the art of fashioning dainty blouses to perfection. It will, indeed, be a cause for many regrets when Miss Lewis is married, as she will probably live most of her time away from London, as her real home will be in the country, where her *fiancé* has lived most of his life; but let us hope she will not forget her many friends and admirers, who will always be only too anxious to welcome her back to London.

Photo by *Bassano*

Mr. Guy Wilson

Whose marriage to Lady Isabel Innes-Ker is to take place on June 23

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis

Photo by *Dickinsons*

Captain Ralph Cecil Batley

Whose marriage is announced to take place on June 14

Without Apology

In the current number of *Our Young Men* there appears an interesting article on Mr. Hall Caine, in which it is stated that some time ago a young New York lawyer committed suicide, the only explanation left being an annotated copy of the *Manxman*. The writer goes on:

The annotations were printed at length in many papers. Obviously the idea of the New York journalists was that the reading of the book had led in some way to the suicide.

In one sense—though not in that actually intended by the journalists—we are inclined to accept this theory.

Suggested name for the state of mind which is unable to appreciate the pioneer of Free Trade—Cobdensity.

Mr. Aretas Akers Douglas has not been idle during the recent Whitsuntide. recess. Both his new edition of Burton and his new issue of Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" are well advanced, and he hopes to see them completed within the next few weeks. Mr. Akers Douglas is, we hear, adding largely to his Burton. It would be incorrect, however, to term it a stout volume.

From the *Morning Leader* this headline:

AMERICA FOR TWO POUNDS

We were aware that, in the opinion of some people, America was not worth much, and we ourselves felt that Jonathan sometimes makes himself a little "cheap," but—two pounds!

Mrs. Humphry Ward writing in the *Boudoir* gives a painful picture of the misery wrought by playing Bridge for money. This surely is the authentic Bridge of Sighs.

Why are even the supers at the Savoy Theatre highly important people?

Because they're in "Who's Who."

"Wee Macgreegor" in London

(Without Apologies to J. J. B. and our Readers)

They were standing on Westminster Bridge gazing down the river.

"Paw," said Macgregor, addressing his father for the third time, "Paw!"

"Aye, Macgreegor," said the ever-indulgent John, "whit is't?"

"Whit wey is theer nae boats here wi' rid funnels?"

"Eh! Macgreegor, that's a haird nut tae crack, a'm thinkin'," laughed John, "but mebbe it's just because there's nae boats at a'!"

"Whit wey is theer nae boats at a'?" Macgreegor, who was determined to get to the bottom of the mystery.

"Ye may weel ask *that*, Macgreegor," said John, "but it's mair than I can answer. Come awa, we'll hae a bit dauner"

They walked up Whitehall, and it was not long before Macgregor had occasion to ask another question:

"Paw, whit wey is they men aye diggin' aboot i' the road fur?"

"Macgreegor," interrupted Lizze, "ye wud try the patience o' Job hisself wi' yer 'Whit wey this' and yer 'whit wey that.' Haud yer tongue!"

"Nae, Lizzie," said John, "the wean's fine, let him speir as mony questions as he likes, he's daein' nae hairm."

"Eh, but John, I dinna like him tae speir when ye canna answer him. It makes ye look sic' a fule, an it's no' respec'ful furbye."

"Weel, weel, wumman, onything for peace," and John hailed a Hammersmith 'bus.

"Paw," said Macgregor, pointing to an old gentleman in the corner, "Thou's awfu' like Maister M'Ostrich."

"Sh! Ye're no' tae speak like that Macgreegor. See, here's the man fur the tuckets."

"Whit wey," began Macgregor——but he got no further, for overcome with his long day of sight-seeing, his head had slowly sunk upon Lizzie's lap, and we are GLAD TO SAY HE WAS SOON FAST ASLEEP!

Unfair Competition

A contemporary asserts that the modern girl who wishes to find a husband has a serious rival in her mother.

Oh! gone is the magic that used to be mine,
Its power will return to me never,
And gone are the courtiers who bowed at my shrine,
My slaves, as they told me, for ever.
The neglect which I meet with at dinner or dance
Has grown little short of alarming.
Yet I'm sure I'd be standing a far better chance
If mamma were a little less charming.

The roses of youth (imitation, you know)
Grace her cheeks in their fullest perfection.
Oh! how can a maiden of twenty or so
Compete with that lovely complexion?
There isn't a wile she does not understand
In the whole gentle art of flirtation,
A fact which the young, inexperienced "hand"
Regards with no small perturbation.

I thought but last year that in Captain Durand
I had surely inspired a passion.
He'd gaze in my eyes, he'd keep squeezing my hand
In a thoroughly lover-like fashion.
Alas! It did not take me long to discern
That his heart was transferred to another.
And now, to my grief and amazement, I learn
That he's soon to be married to mother.

FROM ABROAD.

The "Angels" ready to Fly

"The Flight of Angels" at Giugliano, near Naples, Sunday, May 22

Giugliano, which is a town containing some 10,000 inhabitants, is the scene of the popular festival, depicted above, known as the "Flight of Angels." This takes place every year on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun week, and draws large numbers of holiday folk from Naples and the surrounding countryside

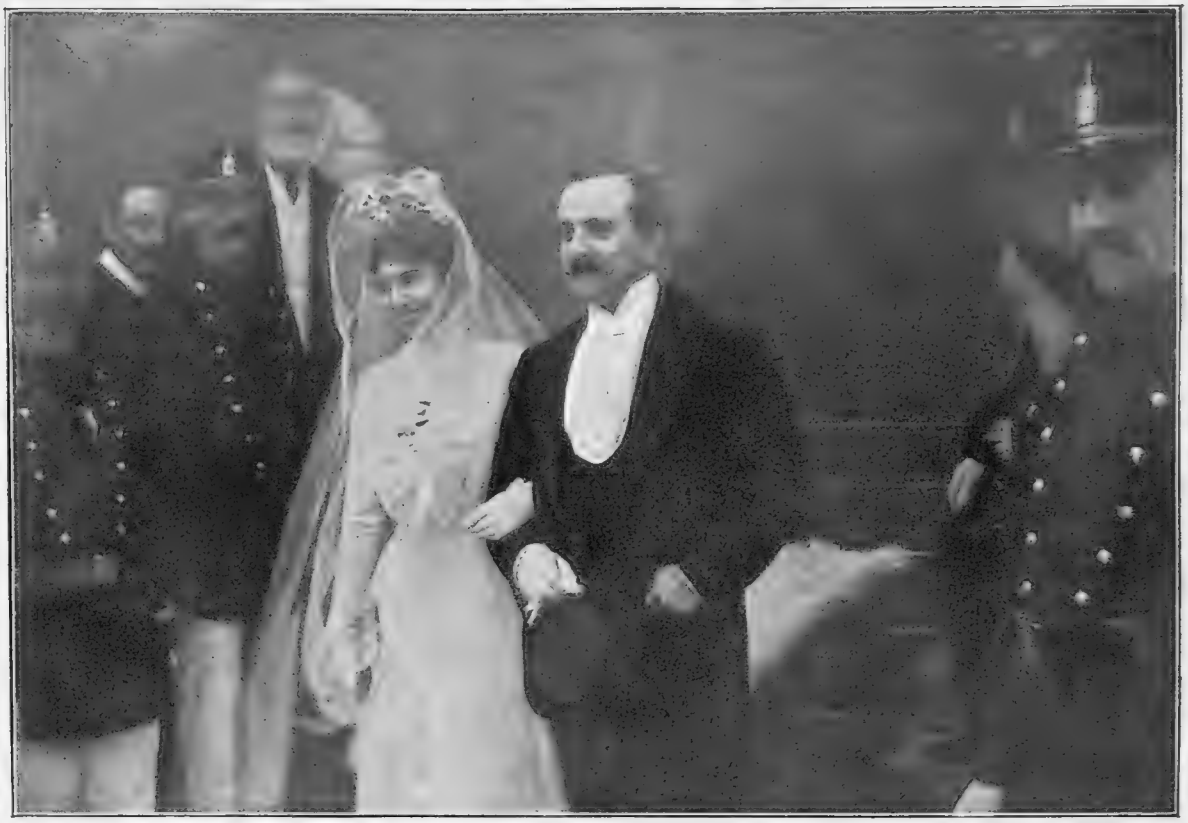
A STRANGE RELIGIOUS FÊTE IN SOUTHERN ITALY

A Wedding at *Les Invalides*
Captain Baignol, of the Artillery, and Mlle. Elizabeth Brugère, daughter of General Brugère, Military Governor of Paris

Marriages in Paris

The Paris wedding is vastly more picturesque than is our British wedding, and whether a mere legal ceremony or one performed under the wing of Mother Church, is a delight to the eye. For fashionable weddings, there are three Paris churches, Les Invalides, where most of the bridegrooms are in uniform, and where civilian dress is rather the exception than the rule, La Madeleine, and St. Augustin. As a rule, Parisian bridegrooms, fashionable or otherwise, marry in evening dress, but latterly, as may be seen in our photograph of a big marriage at La Madeleine, the bride at which was Mademoiselle de Porto-Riche, the pretty daughter of the well-known writer, many of them have followed the example set by that *arbiter elegantiarum*, M. Paul Deschanel, and married in the frock coat of London cut. But if the great weddings are undoubtedly a feast of colour, the weddings of the poorer classes are picturesque in the extreme. As soon as the short ceremonial is over, and Monsieur le Maire has made one, of the working-man and Mademoiselle la Blanchisseuse his blushing bride, they bundle into a great glass coach, such as Cinderella might have revelled in, and, with the family and friends packed into a three-horse *char-à-banc* behind them, set off for the drive round the Bois, without which no Paris wedding of the lower classes is complete, and which does duty for the honeymoon. After the drive, the bride and bridegroom and their guests feast at a restaurant upon the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, the wedding breakfast lasting well into the night. The whole party escorts the young couple home, and early the next morning work begins again.

A Wedding at *La Madeleine*
M. des Fosges and Mlle. de Porto-Riche, daughter of the famous author. The frock coat for bridegrooms is an English fashion which has lately been adopted by our French neighbours



A Wedding at the Church of *St. Augustin*

Comte de Flers, the well-known dramatic critic, and Mlle. Sardou, daughter of M. Victorien Sardou, the veteran playwright

A Wedding at *Les Invalides*

Marquis de Brion, Duc de Frioul, and Mlle. de Kessler

SOME NOTABLE WEDDINGS AT THE FASHIONABLE PARIS CHURCHES

Vingt et Unième Année. — N° 7400 SIX PAGES — *Paris et Départements* — CINQ CENTIMES Lundi 30 Mai 1904

Le Matin

DERNIERS TÉLÉGRAMMES DE LA NUIT

Stéphane LAUZANNE Rédacteur en chef. Jules MADELINE Administrateur.

SEUL JOURNAL FRANÇAIS RECEVANT PAR FILS SPÉCIAUX LES DERNIÈRES NOUVELLES DU MONDE ENTIER

LA MARCHE DE L'ARMÉE

THE DISASTROUS WALK OF THE FRENCH ARMY

By John N. Raphael

Photo by Mermilliod

M. Lépine, the well-known Prefect of Police—

Seven a.m., and, early though it is, a day which promises to be grilling. Upon the Boulevard Poissonnière, perspiring "sergeants of the town" are picking civilians from among the military crowd which has a right to fill the roadway, as though they were black currants, and pushing them back on to the pavement, and as the two thousand men fall into line, two military bands strike up the *Matin* march, composed for the occasion, and the Marseillaise.

This is not the real start of the race. The two thousand competitors, who represent in all 208 regiments, batteries, and divisions, are going to march down to the Place de la Concorde, between the serried rows of early risers, and the fluttering flags, and thence will race out to St. Germain, and back by way of St. Cloud and Boulogne, to the Galérie des Machines.

Photo by Mermilliod

—gives his orders to an official for keeping the route

The Start of the Two Thousand Competitors from the Place de la Concorde for the Walk organised by *Le Matin*

The Place de la Concorde is, except for the Pressmen and other privileged persons, almost deserted, for the 2,000 soldiers in white trousers and unbuttoned tunics who stand waiting for the cannon to boom out the signal for their start, are but a dot of human beings on the largest open space of any capital in Europe. It is a little after eight o'clock when the signal "Go," is given by Major Duponchel, and up between the Marly horses, and towards Napoleon's Triumphal Arch, up the Champs Elysées, accompanied by officers on foot, on horseback, in automobiles, and on bicycles, rushes the flower of the first army which has gathered crowds to see it since the dark day, thirty-three years ago, when an army—not of Frenchmen—marched *down* the Champs Elysées, between two rows of gloomy and heart-broken people, and to the accompaniment of muttered curses.

To-day the cheers were loud and hearty, and the *piou-pious*, or infantry, *marsouins*, marines, but literally "dolphins," naval artillery, cavalrymen, heavy and light, men of all arms, all ages, and all ranks, but athletes every one of them, put heel and toe before them and pound up the hill.

I am no athlete, and I was more than content to fly upon a petrol Pegasus out to the Place de la Défense at Courbevoie, which faces, in a geometric line, Napoleon's Triumphal Arch in Paris, and there to wait the passage of the racers. In spite of police passes and considerable excitement, our passage out to Courbevoie was not an easy one, for the police arrangements had been so well made that the immense crowds which had massed to see the walk, were thrust back twenty or thirty deep down every side street, so that it was impossible to get into the road; and when we did arrive we were not far ahead of the first walkers.

One of the Naval Brigade

Photo by *Mermilliod*

A kindly spectator wipes the face of a Senegal soldier with a wet sponge

A "dolphin," or marine, headed the crowd, but he was panting, and looked hard pressed then, and at the finish was nowhere in the first hundred. On we went, and on they went, through living avenues of hot and cheering human beings, on through Nanterre, the home of the Rose Queens and of the late Frederic Sarcey, Château the Verdant, fashionable Le Vésinet, and on to St. Germain, with its magnificent terrace.

At St. Cloud, Girard, of the 149th regiment of the line, a weedy giant, six foot three or four in height, comes striding in, a full twenty minutes before he was expected, followed, at ten yards' distance, by Corporal Marchand, of the 89th, behind whom, in spite of mufti and the weight of his camera,

Mr. MacAlpin, my colleague of the *Daily Mail*, made, as our picture shows, a good third.

When the race reached Boulogne-sur-Seine, upon its homeward journey, Girard was leading still, and Conat, of the 46th, had won the second place, which he kept to the finish.

It was both charming and amusing to note the care with which the officers tended their men *en route*, and many of the bicyclists must have done several times the distance, for, striving as they did to keep their teams of ten together and encourage them by word and small attentions, they rode back and forth, telling the laggers that their comrades were but a few yards in front, then on again to cheer up the leading men with the news that the rest of the team were close on their heels.

At the Galérie des Machines, an immense dormitory hospital for massage purposes had been installed, and everything was ready for the walkers, from mountains of sandwiches at the buffets, to an impromptu stage, on which an entertainment was prepared for them after their rest. At the entrance to the Galérie, sat half a dozen doctors, who passed the arrivals as they came in. Half-past twelve had struck, and those who had not been to St. Cloud, as I had been, were wondering if they would have time to lunch before the winner came, when there was a roar, and all six feet and odd of Girard (two of them very painful, as he told the doctor) passed by the table of the judge and jury, and instinctively drew up to the salute.

The noise we made was fearful, but the crowd was not let inside, and in a few moments the winner was spread on a bed, stripped, washed with icy water, moved on to another bed, and fell asleep immediately. He had earned his sleep, for he had done the forty-two kilomètres, or, roughly speaking, six and twenty miles, in five hours, nineteen minutes and a half.

Conat was almost as exhausted as the winner, and was but half a minute after him, and Huchet, who was third, followed thirty-three seconds after Conat. He was the first cavalryman to get in, and declared that he wasn't tired at all.

The afternoon and evening were devoted to anything but rest, for *Le Matin* had organised free shows for all competitors at the Galérie des Machines, the Trocadéro, where Coquelin, Dranem, and Mesdames Ségond Weber and Moreno entertained them, and in the evening a gorgeous gala at the Opera, where *Aïda* was given, and Girard and Conat, the two winners, sat between Admiral Fournier, the Senior Admiral of the French fleet, and the representative of General Brugère, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army.

Besides these glories, the winners will have very material reasons not to forget the race. Girard, besides the Sèvres vase presented by the President of the Republic, received a savings bank book with a nest-egg of £3 in it from the town of Le Vésinet, a gold ring and gold watch from the St. Cyr cadets, a gold chain, a new suit of clothes, and twenty other prizes. Conat got a gold watch and a revolver, and some fifteen other things, among which was a bicycle, and even the fiftieth arrival received several valuable offerings.

But at the time of writing, two of the competitors have died from overstrain, and some forty or fifty others are lying ill in hospital. In the Chamber of Deputies, a very hot debate took place upon the Government authorisation of the march, and General André, the Minister for War, made the statement that he much regretted that the march had been permitted, and added that he would not authorise a similar contest during his stay in authority.

Photo by **Girard, the winner, nearing the finishing post** [*Mermilliod*

The winner, who is a private in the 149th regiment of the line, completed the distance (roughly 26 miles), in 5 hours 19½ minutes

"At the Sign of the Times"

Doubtful Compliments

In view of the Royal Commission's statement that Volunteers are not fit to take the field, and —apparently—never have been, C.I.V.'s and Imperial Yeomen are wondering if the compliments they received on their return from the South African War were entirely sincere. They might consult Mr. Brodrick on the point.

Mr. Brodrick as a Tibetan

The only fear is that Mr. Brodrick, who is now immersed in Tibetan studies—and has never been ashamed to learn a lesson from his enemies—as witness the introduction of the Army Corps system from Germany—might reply in the Tibetan manner. These people, according to Dr. Sven Hedin, when they wish to be particularly affable and courteous, are in the habit of putting out their tongues.

Difference between Mr. B. and the Grand Lama

Mr. Brodrick, by the way, is in complete agreement with the Grand Lama of Tibet on one point. Both men earnestly hope that the trouble in that country will not be prolonged. Of course their reasons for entertaining this hope are not identical. The Grand Lama is afraid of being deposed, if the war goes on. Mr. Brodrick is afraid of being promoted.

Concerning the Higher Forms of Poetry

Literary London was a good deal scandalised at the time by what the papers described as Mr. Alfred Austin's ruse. The idea that our Poet Laureate could only get his writings accepted by sending them in anonymously was certainly a disquieting one. We are happy to be able to inform lovers of poetry that they need no longer be alarmed, as Mr. Austin's act was not dictated by necessity.

Duties of a Poet Laureate

Most of Mr. Austin's work is submitted in his own name: some of it in an official capacity. The duties of a Poet Laureate are not absolutely cut and dried as some people imagine; and much is left to the bard's good sense. When a great occasion calls him—such for example as the Jameson Raid—he is ready, and the results are usually gratifying. We should hardly have supposed that the Alake of Abeokuta's visit would have inspired the author of "Flodden Field," but the poem printed below was beyond any doubt sent in to us without any signature. If Mr. Austin walks into our office, we shall certainly congratulate him upon its large rhythm and rich colouring. It is, as will be noticed, imperialist in tone.

England's Present Darling

Black as coal and polished as pewter
Is the Alake of Abeokuta:
He cannot—and does not—pretend to be
White and Western like you or me:
Quite frankly all knowledge he disclaims
Of the novels of Mr. Henry James,
Nor does he trouble to pass his strictures
On Madame Tussaud's and Academy pictures—
A simple Prince, but also a sound—
For he sells his cotton a penny a pound.

Characteristics of the Alake of Abeokuta

We are unable to print the whole of the poem, but the last stanza should not be lost. It runs:

Say, Muse, does he talk of Tariff Reform?
Not much! He prefers to watch seals perform
At the Zoo, or dogs at a music hall:
Debates he doesn't fancy at all—
Yet, though licensed victualling does not seem
To lure him on like a lovely dream;
Though his robes are bright and his English scrappy
When the sale of cotton is on the *tapis*—
Very few kings are much astuter
Than the Alake of Abeokuta.

The Value of Facts

It is right that readers of the *Daily Chronicle* should be informed when one gentleman steals two haddocks from another. Without such information, they might go on leading careless optimistic lives and never realise what a temptation these dried delicacies may be to people less intelligent and less fortunately placed than themselves. Facts, however, are facts; and should be reported correctly, as Mr. J. Sloper of Penge Lane has evidently had occasion to point out to the *Daily Chronicle*.

A Man, named Plopper

It seems that the *D. C.* announced recently that a Penge fishmonger, named Plopper, had been arrested on the above-mentioned charge. One would have supposed that two dried haddocks would be the last things a fishmonger would steal, even though his name were Plopper. A diamond necklace, or a pineapple one could imagine as appealing to a fishmonger with burglarious inclinations—but two haddocks! . . The truth was, of course, that a Penge fishmonger had had two haddocks stolen from him by a man named Wilson, who got two months. The fishmonger himself—Mr. J. Sloper—has extracted a handsome apology from the *Daily Chronicle* on the ground that he might have been mistaken for Plopper. Careful reading will make this plain.

MINIMUS.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Gems of the East: Sixteen Thousand Miles of Research Travel among Wild and Tame Tribes of Enchanting Islands." By A. H. Savage Landor. Illustrated. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

"Up from the Slums." The autobiography of a waif of the Bowery of New York, who rose from pugilism and hooliganism to become a successful American journalist. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Society in the New Reign." By a Foreign Resident, author of "Society in London," a book which created a good deal of attention when it was published some twenty years ago by reason of its intimate sketches of men and women of the day. (Fisher Unwin: 16*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"Auld Acquaintance." By Richard Harris, K.C. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"Father Clancy." A Story of the Humours of Irish Priests and Irish People. (Duckworth: 6*s.*)

"The Making of a Man." A Story of Literary Life. By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Brown, Langham and Co.: 6*s.*)

The Sport of Kings

"The Racing World and Its Inhabitants." Edited by Alfred E. T. Watson. Macmillan. (London: 1904.)

The horse is a noble animal, as writers on natural history agree, but he is the unfortunate occasion of a great deal of untruth and deception. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of a racecourse that leads to unveracity.

In this book, however, under the editorship of Mr. A. E. T. Watson, a number of contributors have taken the reading public into their inmost confidence on the subject of horse-racing—albeit under the protection of anonymity.

The system on which the book is written is good; a short introduction by the author is followed by a series of chapters by "A Trainer," "An Owner," "A Jockey," "A Judge," "A Bookmaker," and so on, each writer dealing with his own particular sphere. One is almost tempted to suggest that a companion work should be issued in which the "Backer" should write upon "Bookmakers and Bookmaking," the "Trainer" on "Jockeys and Jockeyship," the "Owner" on "Handicappers and Handicapping"—but this is frivolous and by the way.

The Turf has long been immensely popular in England, partly owing to the subtle fascination the sport of horse-racing exercises over the minds of most Englishmen, but also, perhaps, because its most ardent devotees are to be found among the leaders of society." "The Lord Chief Justice," writes Mr. Watson, "told me that one year he had seventeen bets on the Cesarewitch, and lost every one of them." And the man in the street, not to be outdone, imitates the Lord Chief Justice, more often than not even in the result of his speculations. Royal patronage of the Turf is sometimes misunderstood by foreign potentates; the following story of the Shah is good, though not entirely new:

"Where is the King's horse?" [he] enquired, with no little concern when Ladas carried off the great Epsom race amid a storm of enthusiasm which was not altogether pleasing to the dusky ruler. "The King had no horse running" he was told; and he unbent, much relieved. In the absence of the King's horse the Prime Minister's was the one that ought to win; no disrespect had been committed to the Throne and all was well.

The starting-gate comes in for a good deal of criticism. The opinion of the "Trainer" is unfavourable:

Young horses, at least as a general rule, can be trained to it, but some of them afterwards most assuredly share the sentiment I have just expressed—the more they see of it the less they like it . . . . it renders some good horses absolutely useless for racing purposes.

The "Jockey" remarks:

The worst thing about the machine is that the horses have to start from a stand, and some of them simply cannot do this. . . . When the barrier goes up there are some horses that are always four or five lengths behind when the others have gone a hundred yards.

The "Starter," however, has a good word to say for it and considers that it has not been fairly judged.

The American seat is also discussed by the "Jockey":

I dare say we used to ride too long, and there are advantages in short stirrups; but I do not believe in the neck business, and if you have noticed I think you will have seen that the jockeys who used to be most American have gradually got more upright again. A great deal depends on the horse. Some horses jump off and go straight with their jockey's hands a few inches from the bit, but you cannot urge your horse sitting like that, or perching like that, and the majority of horses want riding. Those that you have to catch hold of and drive can't be properly ridden if you are on their necks.

One of the most interesting chapters is that contributed by the "Judge," who tells a good story of by-gone days, when race meetings were less orderly than at the present time.

An energetic portion of the crowd had, it is said, backed a certain horse, and was determined that it should win. It seemed to be doing so as those runners that still stood up neared home, but at the last fence but one, the animal fell and got away from its prostrate jockey. . . . But the backers of the fallen steed were not lacking in resource. Rushing to the judge's box, they violently toppled it over, face foremost; the unhappy judge lay prone and imprisoned, while the sho'' have been winner cantered past the post.

In this chapter the well-known difficulty experienced by an ordinary spectator in judging the winner of a fairly close race is well illustrated in a footnote by the editor:

> Angles deceive the most experienced men. Thus the late Duke of Beaufort, watching the Two Thousand Guineas in 1880, had no sort of a doubt that Muncaster had beaten his colt Petronel. "A couple of strides further and I should have won!" he remarked, turning away. "But you have won Duke!" a friend, looking over at the judge's box, replied, and the owner's astonishment was great to see that his colt's number was hoisted.

Another anecdote relates how the late Mr. Clark on one occasion was overcome by heat at Goodwood, and went to sleep in the judge's box during a race, "the next thing he remembered was being violently shaken by a policeman, who pointed to the rapidly advancing field, now within forty or fifty yards of the box." The greatness of man, remarked Pascal, is his insatiability, and the racing world would seem to be no exception to the rule; none of the various contributors, save one, seem entirely satisfied with their respective lots, considered as means of livelihood. The editor exclaims, "If I had all the money I have lost betting, deducting what I have won, the balance in my favour—well, it is not to be thought of without a sigh." The owner tells us that "disappointment usually predominates over success"; the backer concludes, "on the whole, backing horses is a cruelly disappointing game"; the bookmaker complains that "bookmaking . . . is at present hardly a living, and this has been the case for some five years past."

The "Tipster," after the fashion of Mr. Punch, delivers himself as follows:

> A tipster's *primâ facie* duty is to induce people to bet. . . . My earnest exhortation, however, the best and most honest "tip" I have ever given or ever shall give is—Don't.

One and all admit the fascination of horse-racing, but the only contented member of the fraternity is, strangely enough, the Tout, who enthusiastically proclaims, "that for a poor man with a love of sport, there is no more enchanting or healthful calling than that of 'the Tout.'" There are thirteen illustrations in colours, from paintings and photographs. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

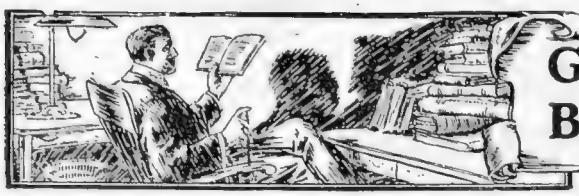
Mrs. Henry Wood, like Anthony Trollope—a new library edition of whose works was announced the other day—maintains her hold on the reading public in a remarkable way when one considers the present competition in the book world. Messrs. Macmillan, who reckon her sales by the million, have decided to add about a dozen of her works to their sixpenny series, which already includes "East Lynne" and several others. All told, "East Lynne" alone must have reached its millionth copy; Messrs. Macmillan announce the 780th thousand, and many rival editions have appeared since the book ran out of copyright. Nowadays, it is difficult to trace any direct influence of newspaper reviews on the sales of a book, but it was different forty-three years ago, when "East Lynne" was first published. The *Times* gave it such an enthusiastic notice that the libraries were besieged for copies, and the printers had to work night and day to meet the demand. This notice, it has been said, was one of the two great reviews in the *Times* in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The other, and earlier review, was that of "Adam Bede."

About the middle of the month Messrs. Fisher Unwin will publish a new volume of clerical memories, by Canon Tetley, entitled "Old Times and New." Unlike the majority of authors of similar books, Canon Tetley has carefully avoided autobiography, one section of the book being devoted to some interesting pieces of family history of about a hundred years ago. There are stories, for example, of relatives who fought at Vittoria and Waterloo, an unpublished letter from Lord Nelson, and extracts from the diary kept in London during 1802 by Dr. Tetley's great-grandfather, an M.P. Subsequently the author gives reminiscences of Gladstone, Archbishop Temple, F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Canon Ainger (Dr. Tetley's colleague at Bristol), and many other celebrities whom he has [illegible] during the course of his career.

"Wellington's Operations in the Peninsula," which Mr. Fisher Unwin also has in the press, will contain a good deal of new information on the subject. Although Napier will doubtless always remain the standard work on the Peninsular War, the present author, Captain Lewis Bulter, believes that the new history will be useful to those who have not the leisure to follow the somewhat diffuse narrative of the great classic, yet desire to get an outline of Wellington's operations in a clear and modern form. The book will be published in two volumes, and, for the benefit of the student of any particular period, will also be issued in six parts, obtainable separately.

"The Life of Sir Herbert Stanley Oakeley, Mus. Doc.," who died last October, will probably be held over until the autumn, now that the spring season is drawing to a close. The interest in Sir Herbert Oakeley's life naturally centres round music, but the treatment of the subject in this book, which has been written by Mr. Edward M. Oakeley, is quite untechnical. The only page of music that is to appear in it is the facsimile of the first page of a manuscript of Bach's—not dated, but about 170 years old—believed to be almost the only autograph work of that composer now in this country.

Mr. C. L. Graves has changed the title of his book of musical memories—which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing this month—from "Voices of the Orchestra" to "The Diversions of a Music Lover." Mr. Graves, who is one of the best-known musical critics in London, has been on the staff of *Punch* since 1902, and assistant editor of the *Spectator* since 1899. Last year, it may be remembered, he published "The Life of Sir George Grove," but the most popular piece of work that he has yet done was his "Wisdom While You Wait," in which he collaborated with Mr. E. V. Lucas.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

"The Plague of Novels"

This is the title of an excellent article by an excellent literary critic in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review*. But while I am ready to acknowledge the interest of all that Mr. Cuthbert Hadden has to say, and to join with him in his strictures on the publishing of trashy fiction, yet am I inclined to think he over-estimates the evil, which, to my mind, is far more apparent than real. He points out that last year 1,859 novels were published in this country, and boldly suggests that the great bulk of them were "distressingly and appallingly bad," though it may be supposed this statement is not made after having read all the novels: that were indeed a distressing and appalling task! But supposing that we agree entirely with Mr. Hadden in his suggested proportion of good and bad, which allows only 5 per cent. to the former, what, then, is the actual result of this so-called plague? Simply this, as I figure it out, that forty-one and a half million people had less than two thousand novels published for them last year. As it would be a generous allowance to reckon an average sale of one thousand copies to each new novel, it will be seen that Mr. Hadden's plague falls some way short of one book to every score of heads.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. W. L. Alden

The well-known Anglo-American humorist

Novels that are Not "Published"

As a matter of fact, a very large number of the novels included in that list of 1,859 were never published in the proper sense. A very considerable business is done in London by a class of "publishers" who gratify the vanities of would-be authors by printing their novels for them at an exorbitant charge, and sending out for review a few bound copies, the remainder being distributed among the friends of the authors, or eventually sold to the rag-man. Never a bookseller handles a copy of these inglorious works! In this way some hundreds of novels which go to swell the general list of fiction are not published at all, while no small proportion of the year's output represents novels of which a thousand copies are printed, and perhaps five hundred sold, the unbound sheets of the edition being got rid of as waste paper. In this way the dimensions of the "plague" are greatly reduced, and I, for one, view it without the slightest alarm. On the whole, although much trash is undoubtedly enjoying wide circulation, a book of real merit seldom fails to win its way, and I have a suspicion that, even in the familiar stuff of certain popular novelists there must be some element, not wholly bad, to account for its favour with the general public. Let us remember always that after the literary critics have said their say, the dear, dense, old General Public is the jury that decides all questions of popularity, and in the ultimate result, as literary reputations prove, decides them to the approval of even the critics.

An Anglo-American Humorist

Although the productions of American humorists have always enjoyed considerable popularity in England, Mr. W. L. Alden is perhaps the only American "funny man" who has become acclimatised in this country. His unfailingly amusing stories in the magazines and the weekly press during the last twelve years or so have made his name so familiar to English readers that he has come to be reckoned almost as one of our own writers. But the quality of his humour is so essentially American in its frank exaggeration that although Mr. Alden writes chiefly of subjects which appeal to his English audience, his manner is still the same as when, close on thirty years ago, he published his first comic book, "Domestic Explosives." His short story, "The Throne-Maker," in a recent BYSTANDER, was an excellent example of Mr. Alden's gay humour. He was educated for the Bar in New York, but took to journalism and served as a leader-writer on the New York press for twenty years, at the end of which he was sent to Rome as U.S. Consul-General. His residence in the Italian capital ended in 1889, and soon after that he came to London to settle down to literary work. He used to say that he was prepared to live anywhere in London except at Tooting, as he could not imagine any self-respecting man living at a place with such a name! In appearance, Mr. Alden looks more like a typical Englishman than a Yankee white

whiskers, frank open face, and blue eyes. The youthful quality of his humour, its high spirits, must have something to do with keeping him young in appearance, for it will surprise many who enjoy his lusty fun to learn that Mr. Alden is in his sixty-seventh year.

Mr. J. J. Bell

Another humorist whose fame has gone out into two continents is Mr. J. J. Bell, who published quite recently "a sequel and an ending" to his amazingly successful "Wee Macgreegor." Mr. Bell is a young man who entirely deserves his success, but I am persuaded that his literary gifts are of a much higher order than any of his little books disclose, and perhaps some day soon he will do full justice to them. I have a theory that a good deal of the success of "Wee Macgreegor," so far as southern readers were concerned, arose from the absurd affectation of wishing to have one think that they "understood perfectly" a dialect which is the most abominable in these islands, and which abounds in words that are peculiar to Glasgow and only properly understood by Glaswegians. I may say I have tested this frequently to my own entire satisfaction; but I do admire Mr. Bell's courage in allowing many of the phrases in "Wee Macgreegor Again" to pass after he had seen them in type; for they are almost revolting to one with a cultured sense of words, as I esteem their author to be; yet they are thoroughly actual and true to life. Mr. Bell is an undoubted humorist and has so shrewd an eye for character that I believe he might succeed in something more worthy than he has yet attempted. It is certainly to be hoped that he will not continue with the idea that in the Glasgow dialect he has found a literary mascot.

Photo by *Annan*

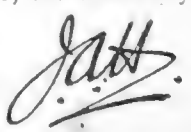
Mr. J. J. Bell
Author of "Wee Macgreegor," etc.

Mistakes of Novelists

Already I have mentioned a very curious mistake of a well-known living novelist, who described the weighing of a horse in a chapter on a race meeting, and since then I notice a correspondent of a weekly paper, whose initials are curiously like my own ("H. J. A."), has been pluming himself on the discovery of a remarkable error in "The Master of Ballantrae." The heroine of that romance, in the great chapter which describes the duel between the two brothers, is made to accomplish a most astounding feat. "She spied the sword, picked it up . . . . and thrust it [illegible] hilt into the *frozen* ground." But H. [illegible]s very late with his "discovery." St[illegible]lf knew of the mistake, though it still survives in the latest editions of his great romance. M. Marcel Schwob, the well-known French critic, nine years ago indicated quite a series of passages in the works of R. L. S. where the most improbable things were described with a gay disregard of facts. Some of his strictures were hyper-critical, but I do think he was justified in doubting the possibility of the candles burning "steadily" even in the windless winter night on which the famous duel was fought, and also in questioning the likelihood of anyone being able to see "the moonlight glitter on the eyes" of a person "though he was a good many yards distant," as Stevenson credits one of his characters with seeing in "The Pavilion on the Links." But it is rather a finicking business, this, of searching for mistakes in novels, and should not be encouraged in either professional or amateur critics.

New Novels at Sixpence

It is amusing to notice the regularity with which we hear of forthcoming "bold experiments" by publishers in the direction of issuing new copyright novels at sixpence or a shilling. I observe, for example, that a paragraph is "going the rounds" with the exciting information that Messrs. Methuen are about to publish at sixpence "two entirely new novels, in bulk and character such as are generally published in six-shilling volumes. One of these is to be Mr. Pett Ridge's latest book, "George and the General." Five years ago the same firm made a precisely similar experiment, and Mr. Pett Ridge's very best novel, "A Son of the State," was originally published by them at sixpence in 1899. Personally, I do not regard the idea of a first issue at sixpence as commercially sound; it could only possibly be attended with success in respect to the works of five or six of our most popular novelists, which might sell by hundreds of thousands. But I do believe that if Mr. Hall Caine, who is known to cherish a desire to break down the six-shilling convention—though he has been so far timorous of publishing a new novel at a less price—were to bring out his next book at sixpence, and if other novelists of similarly wide popularity were to follow suit, the six-shilling novel would speedily be as dead as the absurd old "three decker." And thus, at one stroke, the booksellers would be rid of the monstrous army of minor novelists; for three-fourths of the fiction writers who now command a limited, but sufficiently remunerative sale to warrant publication, would be unable to find publishers who would ris the issuing of their books at sixpence.



CONCERNING MR. T. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P.

Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths. Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles is said to have had a belaying-pin in his, on the day when he uttered his first hail in the year 1842. It is not known whence "The Cap'en" derives his Viking blood; but there it is. Not one of the splendid conventions of our public life is more firmly rooted in the political heart of England than that which lays it down that Mr. Bowles is to be treated as an old salt. We do not intend to fight against this salutary rule.

His celebrity as a master mariner was not thrust upon him. It was not the result of a whim on the part of a caricaturist, such as produced Mr. Gladstone's entirely unhistorical shirt collar. It was not, like the beauty of Queen Elizabeth, so widely and so constantly asserted by eloquent persons, that all were persuaded to believe in it. It was his own doing. He never hid his lantern under a tarpaulin. Since first he "drank from God's own goblet, the green wine of the sea," he has been palpably under the influence of the liquor. And since a man of parts is very apt to be taken at his own valuation by ninety-nine out of a hundred people, Mr. Bowles is known to the public as a seafaring man, who happens to have cast anchor among the Unionist party in Parliament.

It is true that, in the distressing weather that has prevailed of late years, the anchor has been dragging rather badly. It is perhaps a question whether Mr. Bowles was quite wise in entering political life, as it were, with a quid in his cheek. A too prominent display of eccentricity requires a great deal more living down, if a man desires to rise to a high place in public affairs, than a sanguine character is inclined to realise. And certainly Mr. Bowles's entrance upon his Parliamentary career was by no means of a conventional type. When he stood for King's Lynn he was not the beloved and respected owner of half the countryside, at the lifting of whose finger a hundred tenancies might be determined. Nor was he the genial stranger, now so common in the constituencies, who had, for many years beforehand, floated his chosen political home in money. Still less was he the bright-eyed young enthusiast we occasionally see, flinging himself into politics in the full tide of boyhood's ambition, and managing, in some inconceivable manner, to communicate a share of his liveliness to his party in the place.

Mr. Bowles was fifty when he ran the *Hoyden* under the Liberal guns at King's Lynn. It was, and is, the only campaign of its kind recorded in Parliamentary history. The Unionist candidate's headquarters were on his yacht, which lay off the town throughout the contest. Were ever voters in this humour woo'd? Were ever voters in this humour won? Won they certainly were; and they have been faithful to Mr. Bowles ever since that day when he bore down upon them in 1892, and sought their suffrages to return him to the Home Rule Parliament.

This was the beginning of that notoriety which has led to *Punch* endowing Mr. Bowles with the hook and the glazed hat of Captain Edward Cuttle. There be some of those among whom he sits, and especially some on the Front Bench, who would consider him better suited with the attributes of that dangerous little nuisance, Captain Owen Kettle, if not with those of the greatest of maritime scoundrels, Long John Silver.

Apart, however, from his political seafaring, and long before his success at King's Lynn, Mr. Bowles's devotion to the sailor's life was a striking aspect of his character. His knowledge of practical navigation is sound and copious. His acquaintance with sea law is no less thorough. He is one of the few amateurs who hold a Master's certificate granted by the Board of Trade, and he is an officer in the Naval Reserve. He has written on "Maritime Warfare"; and "Flotsam and Jetsam" and "The Log of the Nereid" are among the titles of his works. He even sent his son into the Navy—though that son's inherited cleverness and gift for journalistic work are now employed otherwise.

As a young man Mr. Bowles was in the service of the Board of Inland Revenue. The mere title of that objectionable department of the Government, however, was repugnant to him, and at twenty-six he had had enough of it. Journalism and politics claimed him, and he left the Civil Service to found *Vanity Fair*.

In taking this step, Mr. Bowles undoubtedly gave a new development to English journalism. If we except the somewhat uncertain and short-lived *Owl*, edited by him who is now Lord Glenesk, and a paper called the *Tomahawk*, *Vanity Fair* was without predecessors on the peculiar lines it struck out for itself. The soundness of those lines was soon made evident by the appearance of the *World* and of *Truth*. These weeklies established themselves as Mr. Bowles's venture had already done. In 1888, after twenty years of proprietorship, Mr. Bowles disposed of his property. But this enterprise was not his only connection with journalism. He was, during the siege of Paris, the volunteer correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and his story of the defence was his earliest published volume.

After vainly attempting the assault of Darlington in 1874, of Banbury in 1880, and of a division of Salford in 1885, Mr. Bowles entered the House of Commons in 1892, and rose at once to fame by the untiring part he took in the historic worrying of the Home Rule Government. He has been called "the most striking, if not the sole result" of that extraordinary session.

His omniscience, then first made plain, has grown more astonishing with the passage of time. All questions, from Egypt to the Behring Sea Seal-Fishery, are at his fingers' ends. His speeches are among the wittiest, his questions among the most telling, that the House now listens to. He has always been entirely himself; and that is a great thing for a man with M.P. after his name to say.

"Tommy" Bowles

AMERICAN TOPICS

Apart from one little fact, the case of Clarence E. Spayd, of Flatbush, who has recently run over an unidentified man in his automobile and killed him, is very much like any other case of the kind, which is too common to call for head-lines. That little fact is, that Mr. Spayd is referred to as "confidential secretary to Charles M. Schwab," which reminds us of the fleeting character of mortal greatness. Two years ago, Charles M. Schwab was the subject of daily mention in every newspaper in the United States. To-day, a few antiquaries recall that a man of that name was once President of the Steel Trust. Otherwise he is a "dead one." Such is fame.

Japanese wrestling, it is said, is now taking the attention of the more strenuous women of America, and is in danger of becoming a craze. Whereupon a newspaper remarks: "Keep all knowledge of the war away from them. They'll get on to vodka next; and if they ever pick up the knout idea, there'll be no more coming home late from the club." This is all very well, but it is the club woman, not the club man, who is getting most of the stage to herself as a domestic topic in America now. So much so, that Miss Genevieve Cooney, speaking on "the Club Woman's Husband," at the Catholic Women's National League, declared husbands to be "a zero in the domestic problem"; though acknowledging, when pressed, his utility as a cheque-signer, and even allowing that he sometimes displayed "intelligence that is almost human, like the family dog."

And, speaking of husbands, recalls that little incident in a crowded street car the other day, when a small boy put his head in at the door and yelled: "Mister, your wife wants to know if you mailed that letter." A hurried reach for his pocket is said to have been instantaneously performed by every man in the car.

Quite as a matter of everyday information, the news is announced that Mr. Quay, the political boss who, as it has been said, has made Pennsylvania famous, has notified the Republican leaders in his State that he wants his son Richard to succeed him in the Senate. But, after all, we can hardly hold up the hands of surprise in England, unless we can forget the name and paternity of the gentleman we are trying to dodge when we send in a disingenuous income-tax return.

And that reminds me — they have one in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Henry Chamberlain's romance has not been in a hurry to come into his life. He is sixty-nine years of age, and during most of that time has been in very unprosperous circumstances, selling pea-nuts to the Kalamazonians. Immediately upon the city council taking steps to deprive him of his licence for some misconduct, he proceeded to marry Miss Julia Damon, a lady of thirty, a wealthy owner of real estate in the neighbourhood. The couple are spending the honeymoon in Chicago, and tacked in front of Chamberlain's old stand is the notice: "Closed. Am on honeymoon." It is hard to explain why, but this narrative of facts would be somehow recognisable as an American story, even were all the names suppressed

Photo by *Peirce and Jones*

The Coaching Season in America: Miss Alice Roosevelt at the Parade, in Philadelphia

Miss Roosevelt is seated next to the driver, Colonel Edward de V. Morrell, Member of the U.S. Congress. Behind them Countess Cassini, daughter of the Russian Ambassador at Washington, may be distinguished by her smile. The identity of her companion is effectually concealed by the very latest thing in spotted veils, though it is not clear whether Fashion or Caprice is responsible for this effectual "incog."

OUR SHORT STORY

HALIMA AND THE SCORPION

By

ROBERT HICHENS

Author of—

"The Green Carnation,"
"Flames,"
"The Londoners," etc.

Rich worshippers of the Prophet and the Prophet's priests send him presents from afar

In travelling about the world one collects a number of those trifles of all sorts, usually named "curiosities," many of them worthless if it were not for the memories they recall. The other day I was clearing out a bureau before going abroad, and in one of the drawers I came across a hedgehog's foot, set in silver, and hung upon a tarnished silver chain. I picked it up in the Sahara, and here is its history.

. . . . . .

Mohammed El Aïd Ben Ali Tidjani, marabout of Tamacine, is a great man in the Sahara desert. His reputation for piety reaches as far as Tunis and Algiers, to the North of Africa, and to the uttermost parts of the Southern desert, even to the land of the Touaregs. He dwells in a sacred village of dried mud and brick, surrounded by a high wall, pierced with loopholes, and ornamented with gates made of palm wood, and covered with sheets of iron. In his mansion, above the entrance of which is written "L'Entrée de Sidi Laïd," are clocks innumerable, musical boxes, tables, chairs, sofas, and even framed photographs. Negro servants bow before him, wives, brothers, children, and obsequious hangers-on of various nationalities, black, bronze, and *café au lait* in colour, offer him perpetual incense. Rich worshippers of the Prophet and the Prophet's priests send him presents from afar; camels laden with barley, donkeys staggering beneath sacks of grain, ostrich plumes, silver ornaments, perfumes, red-eyed doves, gazelles whose tiny hoofs are decorated with gold-leaf, or painted in bright colours. The tributes laid before the tomb of Cheikh Sidi El Hadj Ali ben Sidi El Hadj Aïssa are, doubtless, his perquisites as guardian of the Saint. He dresses in silks of the tints of the autumn leaf, and carries in his mighty hand a staff hung with apple-green ribbons. And his smile is as the smile of the rising sun in an oleograph.

This personage one day blessed the hedgehog's foot I at present possess, and endowed it solemnly with miraculous curative properties. It would cure, he declared, all the physical ills that can beset a woman. Then he gave it into the hands of a great Agha, who was about to take a wife, accepted a tribute of dates, a grandfather's clock from Paris, and a grinding organ of Barbary as a small acknowledgment of his generosity, and probably thought very little more about the matter.

Now, in the course of time, it happened that the hedgehog's foot came into the possession of a dancing girl of Touggourt, called Halima. How Halima got hold of it I cannot say, nor does anyone in Touggourt exactly know, so far as I am aware. But, alas! even Aghas are sometimes human, and play pitch and toss with magical things. As Grand Dukes who go to disport themselves in Paris sometimes hie them incognito to the "Café de la Sorcière," so do Aghas flit occasionally to Touggourt, and appear upon

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the high benches of the great dancing house of the Ouled Naïls in the outskirts of the city. And Halima was young and beautiful. Her eyes were large, and she wore a golden crown ornamented with very tall feathers. And she danced the dance of the hands and the dance of the fainting fit with great perfection. And the wives of Aghas have to put up with a good deal. However it was, one evening Halima danced with the hedgehog's foot that had been blessed, dangling from her jewelled girdle. And there was a great scandal in the city.

For in the four quarters of Touggourt, the quarter of the Jews, of the foreigners, of the freed negroes, and of the citizens proper, it was known that the hedgehog's foot had been blessed and endowed with magical powers by the mighty marabout of Tamacine.

Halima herself affirmed it, standing at the front door of her terraced dwelling in the Court, while the other dancers gathered round, looking like a troop of macaws in their feathers and finery. With a brazen pride she boasted that she possessed something worth more than uncut rubies, carpets from Baghdad, and silken petticoats sewn with sequins. And the Ouled Naïls could not gainsay her. Indeed, they turned their huge, kohl-tinted eyes upon the relic with envy, and stretched their painted hands towards it as if to a god in prayer. But Halima would let no one touch it, and, presently, taking from her bosom her immense door-key, she retired to enshrine the foot in her box studded with huge brass nails, such as stands by each dancer's bed.

And the scandal was very great in the city that such a precious thing should be between the hands of an Ouled Naïl, a girl of no repute, come thither in a palanquin on camel-back to earn her dowry, and who would depart into the sands of the South, laden with the gold wrung from the pockets of loose livers.

Only Ben-Abid smiled gently when he heard of the matter.

Ben-Abid belonged to the *Tribu des blancs*, and was the singer attached to the *café* of the smokers of the Hachish. He it was who struck each evening a guitar made of goatskin backed by sand tortoise, and lifted up his voice in the song "Lalia":

"Ladham Pacha who has left the heart of his enemies trembling—

O Lalia! O Lalia!

The love of women is no more sweet to me after thy love.
Thy hand is white, and thy bracelets are of the purest silver—
And I, Ladham Pacha, love thee, without thought of what will come.

O Lalia! O Lalia!

The assembled smokers breathed out under the black ceiling their deep refrain of "Wurra-Wurra!" and Larbi, in his Zouave jacket and his tight, pleated skirt, threw back his small head, exposing his long brown throat, and danced like a tired phantom in a dream.

Ben-Abid smiled, showing two rows of lustrous teeth.

"Should Halima fall ill, the foot will not avail to cure her," he murmured. "Ben Ali Tidjani's blessing could never rest on an Ouled-Naïl, who, like a little viper of the sand, has stolen into the Agha's bosom and filled his veins with subtle poison. She deems she has a treasure, but let her beware. That which would protect a woman who wears the veil will do naught for a creature who shows her face to the stranger, and dances by night for the Zouaves and for the Spahis who patrol the dunes."

And he struck his long fingers upon the goatskin of his instrument, while Kouïdah, the boy who played upon the little glasses and shook the tambourine of reeds, slipped forth to tell in the city what Ben-Abid had spoken.

Halima was enraged when she heard of it, more especially as there were found many to believe Ben-Abid's words. She stood before her room upon the terrace, where Zouaves were playing cards with the dancers in the sun, and she cursed him in a shrill voice, calling him son of a scorpion, and requesting that Allah would send great troubles upon his relations, even upon his aged grandmother. That the miraculous reputation of her treasure should be thus scouted, and herself insulted, vexed her to the soul.

"Let the son of a *mehari* with a swollen tongue dare to come to me and repeat what he has said!" she cried. "Let him come out from his lair in the *café* of the hachish smokers, and, as Allah is great, I will spit in his face. The reviler of women! The son of a scorpion! Cursed be his——"

And then once more she desired evil to the grandmother of Ben-Abid, and to all his family. And the Zouaves and the dancers laughed over their card games. Indeed, the other dancers were merry, and not ill-pleased with Ben-Abid's words. For even in the Sahara the women do not care that one of them should be exalted above the rest.

Now, in Touggourt gos ip is carried from house to house, as the sand grains are carried on the wind. Within an hour Ben-Abid heard that his grandmother had been cursed, and himself called son of a scorpion by Halima. Kouïdah, the boy, ran on naked feet to tell him in the *café* of the hachish smokers. When he heard he smiled.

"To-night I will go to the dancing house and speak with Halima," he murmured; and then he plucked the guitar of goatskin that was ever in his hands, and sang softly of the joys of Ladham Pacha, half closing his eyes and swaying his head from side to side.

And Kouïdah, the boy, ran back across the camel market to tell in the Court of the dancers the words of Ben-Abid.

That night, when the nomads lit their brushwood fires in the market, when the Kabyle bakers, in their striped turbans and their close-fitting jerseys of yellow and of red, ran to and fro bearing the trays of flat, new-made loaves, when the dwarfs beat on the ground with their staffs to summon the mob to watch their antics, and the story-tellers put on their glasses and sat them down at their boards between the candles, Ben-Abid went forth secretly from the hachish *café* wrapped in his burnous. He sought out, in the quarter of the freed negroes, a certain man called Sadok, who dwelt alone.

This Sadok was lean as a spectre, and had a skin like parchment. He was a renowned plunger in desert wells, and could remain beneath the water, men said, for a space of four minutes. But he could also do another thing. He could eat scorpions.

"And Halima came out of her door, splendidly dressed for the dance in scarlet and gold, with the hedgehog's foot dangling from her girdle of thin gold, studded with turquoises"

And this he would do for a small sum of money. Only, during the Fast of Ram-a-dan, between the rising and the going down of the sun, so long as a white thread could be distinguished from a black, he would not eat even a scorpion, because the tasting of food by day in that time is forbidden by the Prophet.

When Ben-Abid struck on his door Sadok came forth, gibbering in his tangled beard, and half naked.

"Oh, brother!" said Ben-Abid. "Here is money if thou canst find me three scorpions. One of them must be a black scorpion."

Sadok shot out his filthy claw, and there was fire in his eyes. But Ben-Abid's fingers closed round the money paper.

"First thou must find the scorpions, and then thou must carry them with thee to the Court of the dancers, walking at my side. For, as Allah lives, I will not touch them. Afterwards thou shalt have the money."

Sadok's soul drew the shutters across his eyes. Then he led the way by tortuous alleys to an old and ruined wall of a *zgag*, in which there were as many holes as there are in a honeycomb. Here, as he knew, the scorpions loved to sleep. Thrusting his fingers here and there he presently drew forth three writhing reptiles. And one of them was black. He held them out, with a cry, to Ben-Abid.

"The money! The money!" he shrieked.

But Ben-Abid shrank back, shuddering.

"Thou must bring them to the dancers' Court. Hide them well in thy garments that none may see them. Then thou shalt have the money."

Sadok hid the scorpions upon his shaven head beneath his turban, and they went by the dunes and the lonely ways to the *café* of the dancers.

Already the pipers were playing, and many were assembled to see the women dance; but Ben-Abid and Sadok pushed through the throng, and passed across the *café* to the inner Court, which is open to the air, and surrounded with earthen terraces, on which, in tiers, open the rooms of the dancers, each with its own front door. This court is as a mighty rabbit warren, peopled with women instead of rabbits. Pale lights gleamed in many doorways, for the dancers were dressing and painting themselves for the dances of the body, of the hands, of the poignard, and of the handkerchief. Their shrill voices cried one to another, their heavy bracelets and necklets jingled, and the monstrous shadows of their crowned and feathered heads leaped and wavered on the yellow patches of light that lay before their doors.

"Where is Halima?" cried Ben-Abid in a loud voice. "Let Halima come forth and spit in my face!"

At the sound of his call many women ran to their doors, some half dressed, some fully attired, like Jezebels of the great desert.

"It is Ben-Abid!" went up the cry of many voices. "It is Ben-Abid, who laughs to scorn the power of the hedgehog's foot. It is the son of the *mehari* with the swollen tongue. Halima, Halima, the child of the scorpion calls thee!"

Kouïdah, the boy, who was ever about, ran barefoot from the court into the *café* to tell of the doings of Ben-Abid, and in a moment the people crowded in, Zouaves and Spahis, Arabs and negroes, nomads from the South, gipsies, jugglers, and Jews. There were, too, some from Tamacine, and these were of all the most intent.

"Where is Halima?" went up the cry. "Where is Halima?"

"Who calls me?" exclaimed the voice of a girl.

And Halima came out of her door on the first terrace at the left, splendidly dressed for the dance in scarlet and gold, carrying two scarlet handkerchiefs in her hands, and with the hedgehog's foot dangling from her girdle of thin gold, studded with turquoises.

Ben-Abid stood below in the court with Sadok by his side. The crowd pressed about him from behind.

"Thou hast called me the son of a scorpion, Halima," he said, in a loud voice. "Is it not true?"

"It is true," she answered, with a venomous smile of hatred. "And thou hast said that the hedgehog's foot, blessed by the great marabout of Tamacine, would avail naught against the deadly sickness of a dancing girl. Is it not true?"

"It is true," answered Ben-Abid.

"Thou art a liar!" cried Halima.

"And so art thou!" said Ben-Abid slowly.

A deep murmur rose from the crowd, which pressed more closely beneath the terrace, staring up at the scarlet figure upon it.

If I am a liar thou canst not prove it!" cried Halima furiously. "I spit upon thee! I spit upon thee!"

And she bent down her feathered head from the terrace, and spat passionately in his face.

Ben-Abid only laughed aloud.

"I can prove that I have spoken the truth," he said. "But if I am indeed the son of a scorpion, as thou sayest, let my brothers speak for me. Let my brothers declare to all the Sahara that the truth is in my mouth. Sadok, remove thy turban!"

The plunger of the wells, with a frantic gesture, lifted his turban, and discovered the three scorpions writhing upon his shaven head. Another, and longer, murmur went up from the crowd. But some shrank back and trembled, for the desert Arabs are much afraid of scorpions, which cause many deaths in the Sahara.

"What is this?" cried Halima. "How can the scorpions speak for thee?"

"They shall speak well," said Ben-Abid. "Their voices cannot lie. Sleep to-night in thy room with these my brothers. Irena and Boria, the Golden Date and the Lotus Flower, shall watch beside thee. Guard in thy hand, or in thy breast, the hedgehog's foot that thou sayest can preserve from every ill. If, in the evening of to-morrow, thou dancest before the soldiers, I will give thee fifty golden coins. But, if thou dancest not, the city shall know whether Ben-Abid is a truth-teller, and whether the blessings of the great marabout can rest upon such a woman as thou art. If thou refusest thou art afraid, and thy fear proveth that thou hast no faith in the magic treasure that dangles at thy girdle."

There was a moment of deep silence. Then, from the crowd burst forth the cry of many voices:

"Put it to the proof! Ben-Abid speaks well. Put it to the proof, and may Allah judge between them."

Beneath the caked pigments on her face Halima had gone pale.

"I will not," she began.

But the cries rose up again, and with them the shrill, twittering laughter of her envious rivals.

"She has no faith in the marabout!" squawked one, who had a nose like an eagle's breast.

"She is a liar!" piped another, shaking out her silken petticoats as a bird shakes out its plumes.

And then the twitter of fierce laughter rose, shriek on shriek, and was echoed more deeply by the crowd of watching men.

"Give me the scorpions!" cried Halima passionately. "I am not afraid!"

Her desert blood was up. Her fatalism—even in women of the Sahara it lurks—was awake. In that moment she was ready to die, to silence the bitter laughter of her rivals. It sank away as Sadok grasped the scorpions in his filthy claw, and leaped, gibbering in his beard, upon the terrace.

"Wait!" cried Halima, as he came upon her, holding forth his handful of writhing poison.

Her bosom heaved. Her lustrous eyes, heavy with kohl, shone like those of a beast at bay.

Sadok stood still, with his naked arm outstretched.

"How shall I know that the son of a scorpion will pay me the fifty golden coins? He is poor, though he speaks bravely. He is but a singer in the *café* of the smokers of the hachish, and cannot buy even a new garment for the close of the feast of Ram-a-dan. How, then, shall I know that the gold will hang from my breasts when to-morrow, at the falling of the sun, I dance before the men of Touggourt?"

Ben-Abid put his hand beneath his burnous, and brought forth a bag tied at the mouth with cord.

"They are here!" he said.

"The Jews! He has been to the Jews!" cried the desert men.

"Bring a lamp!" said Ben-Abid.

And while Irena and Boria, the Golden Date and the Lotus Flower, held the lights, and the desert men crowded about him with the eyes of wolves that are near to starving, he counted forth the money on the terrace at Halima's feet. And she gazed down at the glittering pieces as one that gazes upon a black fate.

"And now set my brothers upon the maiden," Ben-Abid said to Sadok, gathering up the money, and casting it again into the bag, which he tied once more with the cord.

Halima did not move, but she looked upon the scorpion that was black, and her red lips trembled. Then she closed her hand upon the hedgehog's foot that hung from her golden girdle, and shut her eyes beneath her ebon eyebrows.

"Set my brothers upon her!" said Ben-Abid.

The plunger of the wells sprang upon Halima, opened her scarlet bodice roughly, plunged his claw into her swelling bosom, and withdrew it—empty.

"Kiss her close, my brothers!" whispered Ben-Abid.

A long murmur, like the growl of the tide upon a shingly beach, arose once more from the crowd. Halima turned about, and went slowly in at her lighted doorway, followed by Irena and Boria. The heavy door of palm was shut behind them. The light was hidden. There was a great silence. It was broken by Sadok's voice screaming in his beard to Ben-Abid, "My money! Give me my money!"

He snatched it with a howl, and went capering forth into the darkness.

. . . . . .

When the next night fell upon the desert there was a great crowd assembled in the *café* of the dancers. The pipers blew into their pipes, and swayed upon their haunches, turning their glittering eyes to and fro to see what man had a mind to press a piece of money upon their well greased foreheads. The dancers came and went, promenading arm in arm upon the earthen floor, or leaping with hands outstretched and fingers fluttering. The Kabyle attendant slipped here and there with the coffee cups, and the wreaths of smoke curled lightly upward towards the wooden roof.

But Halima came not through the open doorway holding the scarlet handkerchiefs above her head.

And presently, late in the night, they laid her body in a palanquin, and set the palanquin upon a *mehari*, or running camel, and, while the dancers shrilled their lament amid the sands, they bore her away into the blackness of the dunes towards the South and the tents of her own people.

The jackals laughed as she went by.

. . . . .

But the hedgehog's foot was left lying upon the floor of her chamber. Not one of the dancers would touch it.

That night I was in the *café*, and, hearing of all these things from Kouïdah, the boy, I went into the Court, and gathered up the trinket which had brought a woman to the great silence. Next day I rode on horseback to Tamacine, asked to see the marabout, and told him all the story.

He listened, smiling like the rising sun in an oleograph, and twisting in his huge hands, that were tinted with the henna, the staff with the applegreen ribbons.

When I had come to the end I said:

"O, holy marabout, tell me one thing."

"Allah is just. I listen."

"If the scorpions had slept with a veiled woman who held the hedgehog's foot, how would it have been? Would the woman have died or lived?"

The marabout did not answer. He looked at me calmly, as at a child who asks questions about the mysteries of life which only the old can understand.

"These things," he said at length, "are hidden from the unbeliever. You are a Roumi. How, then, should you learn such matters?"

"But even the Roumi——"

"In the desert there are mysteries," continued the marabout, "which even the faithful must not seek to penetrate."

"Then it is useless to——"

"It is very useless. It is as useless as to try to count the grains of the sand."

I said no more.

Mohammed El Aïd Ben Ali Tidjani smiled once more, and beckoned to a negro attendant, who ran with a musical box, one of the gifts of the faithful.

"This comes from Paris," he said, with a spreading complacence.

Then there was within the box a sounding click, and there stole forth a tinkling of Auber's music to *Masaniello*, "Come o'er the moonlit sea!"

JAPAN: THE FAIRYLAND OF THE FAR EAST

(SECOND SERIES)

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

Japanese Maidens feeding the Goldfish under the Cherry Trees in Ueno (North) Park, Tokyo

AMONG THE TEMPLES OF TOKYO

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

In the Asakusa Temple Grounds, Tokyo

Note the old and new methods of carrying babies. Western civilisation, as represented by the perambulator, is gradually making its way in Japanese households

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS OF DAI NIPPON

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

A Japanese Lady In a Yama-Kago (Mountain Chair)

The small but sturdy-limbed bearers are capable of exertion which would prostrate the most athletic of Englishmen, and this on the lightest and most frugal of diets

"HONOURABLE GREETINGS" FOR THE RETURNED TRAVELLER

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

A Scene on the Pier, Yokohama, alongside the Pacific Mail Steamer, "China"

The Japanese are the politest people in the world, and every salutation and every request is preceded by a bow. In our illustration a lady, who has come down to meet the boat, is seen greeting her relative, who has just arrived

THE ALAKE AT HOME

BY W. H. HIMBURY, F.R.G.S.

Our correspondent, who has been in the Government service, has resided in West Africa for over seventeen years. Some of these photographs were taken as recently as April 29, just before the Alake's departure for England and on the occasion of the State opening of the Courts

The Egba nation is supposed to have been founded by a man named Momo, who came from Tapa-land on the Niger, and who was a mighty hunter. Later on, other hunters, with their wives and families, followed Momo, and soon several towns sprang up in the forest. Momo had six sons and one daughter; one of the sons eventually became the first Alake (king) of Abeokuta.

Here and there, dotted amongst palm groves and plantations, are the thatched and galvanised roofs of the sun-dried brick or mud houses of the native inhabitants: again, enormous rocks weighing thousands of tons are to be seen, underneath which, people are living, making pottery, and weaving their cloths. The patches of land around are rich in banana, cocoa and coffee trees. These

Photo by *King*

The Agura Obunmi | The Clown Adepegba | The Alake of Abeokuta in his State Robes and Crown | Sir William Macgregor, K.C.M.G., C.B., Governor of Lagos | Prince Ladapa Ademola, who is in England with the Alake | K. B. Blaize, A Lagos Merchant

The British and Native Administrators of Abeokuta

The country over which the present Alake rules is about seventy miles long and forty miles wide; it begins about sixteen miles from the colony of Lagos, and extends nearly to Ibadan. The population, roughly speaking, is about 300,000.

Abeokuta (which means under the stone) is situated about sixty-five miles from Lagos, and is reached by means of a railway and the River Ogun, the river being navigable for large canoes only in the wet season. The district is the capital of the Egba country, and is about twenty-eight miles square. The surrounding country is very pretty, and is not unlike a Surrey landscape, with its hills and vast stretches of grass land. The view from the hill, on which the Commissioner's house stands, is magnificent. gigantic rocks and boulders are the results of an earthquake—Abeokuta itself now stands on what was once an active volcano.

The natives are an agricultural people and farm pretty extensively; but they are very suspicious and conservative about their land, having a very strict rule, founded upon tradition, that none must ever be sold.

For several centuries they have grown their own cotton, and woven their own cloth—this latter is one of the staple industries of the country.

The British Cotton Growing Association is, with the assistance of His Majesty's Government, encouraging the Alake and his people to plant a superior seed, in order that cotton may be sent home to Lancashire, and so far the experiments have been eminently

Photo by] **The Alake and his Council, taken on the occasion of the Opening of the Courts** [*Carew*

To the left of the Alake, who is seen under the largest umbrella, is his Government Secretary, who has accompanied him to England. On the right of the picture are two Europeans in pith helmets. The first, with his eyes shaded, is Mr. C. Punch, the British Commissioner in Abeokuta, and the second, Mr. Himbury, our correspondent

successful. This season the Association confidently expect still greater results from their efforts. In 1869 some £80,000 worth of cotton was exported from this country, and to-day one hundred old hand gins may be seen lying about Abeokuta. In 1900 the industry had entirely died out. Now the Association have a steam ginnery here as well as in other parts of the country, so that the cotton may now be ginned and sent home in proper bales. The work of the Association is so satisfactory that they will never again permit the industry to be dropped.

The present Alake is a most intelligent and enlightened man. Before setting out on his travels to England, he expressed to the present writer his firm conviction that only the adoption of the civilised ways of white people could ensure for his country peace and prosperity. He is the first Alake to travel to Europe, and he is indefatigable in his desire to assimilate knowledge of modern ways and modern ideas.

On the 29th of April last, he opened the new courts in Abeokuta and Bishop Oluwoule (himself an Egba

Photo by] **A View over the housetops of Abeokuta, the Capital City of the Alake's Kingdom** [*Himbury*

Photo by] The Alake of Abe.kuta with his Advisory Chiefs and Council [*King*

and a most enlightened native) gave an impressive address. An Egba judge also made a speech, in which he reiterated his determination to administer impartial justice, and at its conclusion the Alake rose and said, "But do not take bribes." His remark caused great laughter and some confusion to the judge, who, however, again said he would be just and true in all his work and dealings.

Photo by] Part of the Marina, Lagos. The Residences of the Government Officials are seen in the foreground [*Himbury*

GRANVILLE AND THE WEATHER

Granville is decidedly a clever man. I cannot deny that, and, indeed, I have no wish to do so. It is not my habit to refuse acknowledgment to any kind of merit. But, with all his cleverness, there is a very unpleasant side to Granville's character, which makes him at times anything but an agreeable companion. I am not unaccustomed to the society of clever men, and while not professing to possess a brain of uncommon brilliance, I have seldom found myself at a loss in company which might, perhaps, be described as slightly above my level. Any remarks that I may have felt called upon to make in such society, have been received with attention, if not enthusiasm, and I occasionally say as good a thing as anybody. But with Granville this is not so. He seems to want to poke his cleverness down your throat, and at your expense. If you say anything at any length, he listens carefully and attentively, thereby confusing your train of thought and making you wonder whether, after all, what you had intended to say was worth saying at all; and when you have finished he turns you into ridicule—which may be clever, but is not kind, nor, in my opinion, the act of a gentleman.

The other day I went into the smoking-room of the club, where several men were sitting after lunch, some of them unknown to me, and among them was Granville. Before I could open my mouth he turned to me and said, "It still keeps raining."

The remark was a perfectly natural one. It had been raining for two days and a half and showed no sign of ceasing, and if Granville had not said something of the kind I had intended to have opened the conversation by doing so myself. I saw no offensive intention in the observation, and was, in fact, gratified that Granville had chosen to open a conversation with me in this manner.

"Yes," I replied. "I see by the papers that this is a record rainfall for the first half of June."

"Is that so, really?" said Granville apparently much interested. "I wonder how they find out these things?"

"Oh, of course, they refer to the official records," I explained, taking a seat in the group, and ordering a coffee with milk from the waiter. "They file them in the newspaper offices, and when any exceptional state of things occurs, as, for instance, during the last few days, they just look up their files."

"Do they?" said Granville. "Now, I call that extraordinarily smart and up-to-date of them."

"I knew a man in a newspaper office who told me," I explained modestly. "They say that if it goes on raining in the second half of June like it has in the first it will beat all records for the month."

"Then do they think it will?" asked Granville.

"Well, of course, they can't tell," I said. "But that is what they say."

"Yes, but why do they say it if they can't tell?" asked Granville. "It doesn't seem quite straightforward of them, does it"?

"They only say, 'if'," I said. "*If* it goes on it will be a record."

"I don't see that that makes much difference," said Granville. "You might very well say, *if* I go on smoking this cigar till I burn my fingers I should be a silly fool. But I don't intend to. That's the point. Why should they say a thing like that at all?"

Granville is fond of discussing abstract questions of this sort, and he seems to expect other people to help him show his cleverness by taking a secondary part in the conversation. I did not, however, see the force of doing so in this instance, so I turned to another member of the party and said:

"They say that the Thames valley is under water."

But Granville was not to be put off. Before the other man could reply to my remark he broke in rudely:

"They say! There you are again. Why do they say that the Thames valley is under water? How do they know?"

"I think that is rather a ridiculous question," said. "Of course the papers get to know these things. That is what they are there for."

"What they are where for?" asked Granville. "They are all over the place. You don't think a paper is started in Chicago on purpose to write about floods in the Thames valley, do you?"

"I expect you know more about Chicago than I do," I replied, rather neatly, I think. By this time I had realised that Granville was only arguing for the sake of arguing.

"Now you are evading the point," he said. "It shows looseness of mind. Haven't you got any umbrella statistics handy?"

"They say that a firm of hatters in the City has made a large fortune within the last two days," I said. "Business men bought umbrellas by the hundred."

"Why should any business man want to buy umbrellas by the hundred?" asked Granville. "The richest business man in the world can only use one umbrella at a time, no matter how wet it is. I should want proof of that statement before I believed it. And why should a business man buy umbrellas from a hatter?"

"Because part of a hatter's trade is to sell umbrellas," I said sharply, determined not to be put down in this high-handed fashion.

"I don't believe it," said Granville. "A hatter's obvious business is to sell as many hats as he can, and if he encouraged people to use umbrellas, their

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hats would last longer and he would sell fewer. The statement is absurd on the face of it."

"It may be absurd, Granville," I said quietly, "but it happens to be true."

"I have proved that it can't possibly be," said Granville. "But we haven't thrashed out the weather yet. Haven't you got something more to tell us about it? We were wanting an original subject of conversation when you came in and so cleverly started one."

"Pardon me, Granville," I said. "It was you who started the conversation. I might have made the remark you led off with if I had had time, but you made it yourself directly I came in."

"You can't expect to be allowed to say all the good things," said Granville. "The rest of us must have a look-in sometimes. Come, now. How many inches?"

I was beginning to be rather tired of Granville's hectoring, but what I had read in the papers interested me, and I happened to have all the facts at my fingers' end.

"I believe the exact figure was 4.52 inches," I said.

"Who says so," inquired Granville.

"I read it in the papers," I said. "And they, no doubt, got their information from the Meteorological Department."

"Then you only got it at third hand," said Granville. "You don't know from personal observation that it is so."

"Really, Granville," I said, "you are in a very unreasonable mood this afternoon. Either you want information about the phenomenal rainfall or you do not. If you do, I am ready to give it to you. If not, please say so, and we can discuss some other question."

"O, course I want information," said Granville. "The phenomenal rainfall strikes me as the most interesting topic of conversation anyone could possibly have. I could go on talking about it till midnight, and you probably will."

This was a little too much. I finished my coffee and rose from my seat. I went up to the mantelpiece and lit a cigarette. Then I did one of the cleverest things I have ever done in my life, although it sounds perfectly simple. I walked up to the window and said quietly,

"By Jove, it has left off raining."

The effect was electrical. Everyone in the room turned towards the window, including Granville. The rain was still coming down steadily.

"I think that something still remains to be said on the subject that will arouse interest," I said, and with that I left the room.

The new 9·2 inch Wire-wound Gun for the British Navy

This gun, intended for the intermediate battery of battleships, possesses a greater range, increased penetration, and a higher rapidity of fire than previous ordnance of this type, while it is also slightly lighter in weight. It weighs 28 tons, and fires a projectile weighing 380 pounds. At close quarters the missile would penetrate 37 inches of the best steel; and at a distance of 3,000 yards (the minimum fighting range of to-day) would pass through 11 inches of steel, so that the water-line armour of practically every battleship afloat would be penetrated by this gun. The weapon was built by Vickers, Sons, and Maxim

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times out of ten. Jack White has been doing good work at Sunningdale, and his fine finish against Ray the other day shows that he has plenty of pluck, and I have not the least doubt that he will finish pretty high up on the list.

E. Ray and T. Renouf

Ray is a young Jersey player who has lately come very prominently to the front. He and Renouf, another brilliant young player, are the results of the wise policy of the Royal Jersey Golf Club in encouraging their caddies to play. These two, with the two Vardons, would make a formidable quartette for any players in the world to tackle; indeed, a challenge from Jersey to the world would furnish a most interesting event. I remember both Ray and Renouf some ten years ago at Jersey as most promising boy players, and each of them is now quite capable of winning the Championship. Ray will perhaps require more experience of Championship competitions, while Renouf has competed several times already, and, being full of confidence, has just the temperament requisite for success in a scoring competition.

W. Park and Arnaud Massey

Scotland's second line of defence may be said to consist of Willie Park and Jack White. The former won the Championship a good many years ago at his native Musselburgh links. He has now established himself at Huntercombe, where he has created perhaps the finest of all inland courses. He has had plenty of practice there lately, and ought to be in fine fettle. He will no doubt render an excellent account of himself, and may very possibly go near to winning the prize. Massey, who played so brilliantly at Hoylake two years ago, is evidently in good trim, for he beat Wynne, at North Berwick, in a thirty-six hole match quite recently by 6 and 4. It would be a great day for French golf if he could manage to secure first place. He has all the power and science necessary for that purpose. But, as I said earlier, I pin my faith to Harry Vardon if he comes to the post perfectly fit.

Mr. R. Maxwell, Mr. Ball, and Mr. Hilton

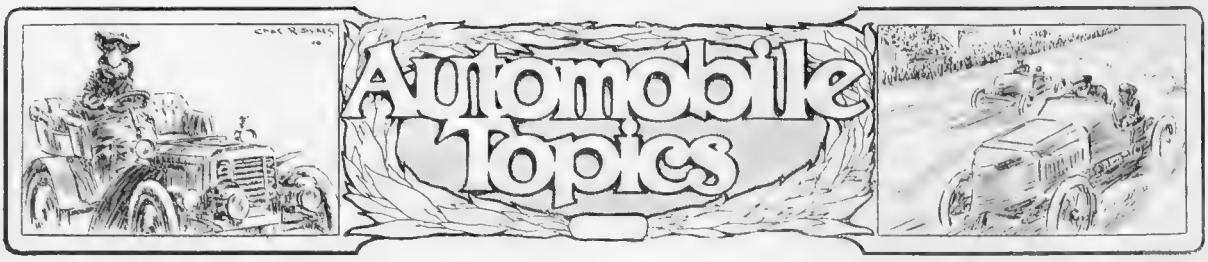
I must not overlook the possibility of an amateur repeating the former triumphs of John Ball and Harold Hilton. The man most likely to do this is Mr. Maxwell, who performed so brilliantly at Hoylake two years ago. The hopes of the amateur division may be said practically to lie in the hands of these three amateurs.

Mr. Travis

Mr. Travis, the American champion, who has been doing some fine scores since his arrival at Sandwich, will, with the aid of his magnificent putting, most probably return a score which will put him pretty high up in the winning list. I heartily welcome his appearance and that of Mr. Byers, and trust they will both do so well that they will not only return themselves another year, but will bring with them many other American competitors of the same excellent quality.

Ernest Lehmann

E. Ray, putting on the Fourth Green at Sunningdale



The French Trials

The French trials have resulted in somewhat of a surprise, the names of the winners not being so well known as those of many of the other competitors. The three winning cars, viz., Georges Richard-Brasier, Mors, and Turcat-Méry, were all chain driven, and, from all accounts, the Cardan transmission to live axle, for racing purposes, appears to be no better than it should be, M. Théry, the hero of the day, covered the three hundred and forty-two miles in just over five hours or at the rate of sixty-one miles, excluding controls, so sometimes he travelled even faster. Our British competitors will have to "souffle along right peart," as I heard an American remark, if they are to bring home the trophy, and as the race has *got* to be, we wish them all good luck.

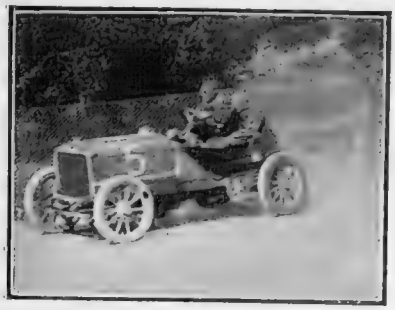
Comparisons

Speaking generally of the trials, one notices at first that six out of the eleven cars started in the Isle of Man finished in good time, but in France, out of twenty-nine starters, only ten finished, but this doubtless is accounted for by the fact that a prolonged travelling at the high speed rendered possible on the French course, eliminated a greater proportion of competitors. The winning car of Théry weighs a little over 19 cwt., is of eighty-five horse power, and has magneto-ignition, with fan-cooled radiator. A good many accidents occurred, but none of them were, fortunately, of a serious nature, and all the arrangements were well conceived and admirably carried out. In fact, the French trial differed from our own by its being a *race*, which ours was not, as everyone who knew the Isle of Man course was aware that it could not be. The French competitors have the advantage over ours of having been able to drive at a really high speed under conditions approximating to what the race itself will present.

"Best Ways Out of London"

One of the most interesting, and at the same time most useful little books for the Metropolitan motorist has just appeared under the title "Best Ways Out of London." The dweller in the Great City, when desirous of quitting it with as little delay as may be, for rural delights, will here find all possible information as to routes and how tram lines and dense traffic may best be avoided, with copious maps, thirty in number. In addition will be found full directions as to "How to Avoid London" when travelling from North to South and from East to West; and, finally, a luminous description is given, in the concluding portion of the book, of the nine worst hills of England (and a villainous lot they are). The little work is edited by the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., and is published at the offices of the *Car Illustrated*, 17, Shaftesbury Avenue. We very cordially recommend it, and its price puts it within the reach of even every cyclist, to whom, also, it will be of the greatest utility.

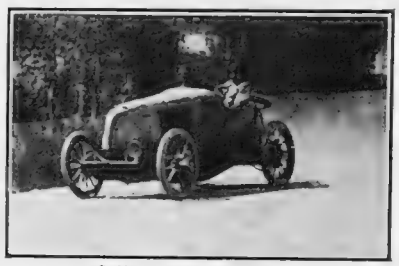
Photo by Miss Pauline Chase driving a 30 h.-p. Six-cylinder Napier *Biograph Studio*



Thery, the Winner (Georges Richard-Brasier)
61·7 miles, average speed per hour

French v. English

It is, at times, not a little entertaining to listen to the rival professors vaunting their wares in the trade papers, and decrying those of all others. "Never buy a French car. Every Briton must have the home product, no matter at what price; *à bas* the foreign article, *conspuez l'automobile française!*"—so bawls one—"Yours British," shouts the other. "Merely copied from those *I* import; hardly fit to be called a motor-car at all—*nothing* novel in it—engineering problems solved in the old, old way—*no* new ideas—*nothing* original." Do these protagonists really imagine that all the public desire, is to buy exemplars of new fads, or are they merely on the look-out for vehicles that will go? One gets perfectly "dithered" in the head with all this tumult.



Salleron (Mors), Second
58·3 miles, average speed per hour

Nice for Nice

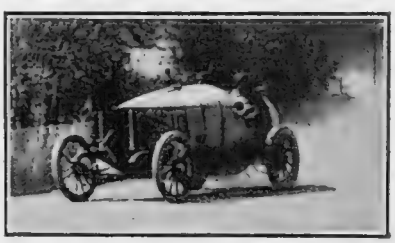
The Promenade des Anglais, at Nice, sounds as if it were a highway intended for the English to stroll about upon, but it can hardly be considered always to be a desirable spot for nursemaids and children. Along it the other day the 100 h.-p. Gobron-Brillié beat all the world's records. "Two of these great machines took part and held the spectators in awe and terror as they dashed past the stands with a boom as of a bursting cyclone," proceeding, as they did, at the rate of over 80 miles an hour. If these joys are permissible for the sojourners on the Riviera, why should we be deprived of them in London? What purple "pars." could there not be composed for the *D. T.*! What a heaven would be opened for the ha'penny horribles if all this took place in Whitehall or up and down the Strand!

Many Cylinders

The six-cylinder engine is now being largely exploited, although it is a little difficult to perceive, at first sight, what advantages it possesses over the more ordinary one with but half the number; still, this is happily a free country, and there is no valid reason why one should not have sixteen, if so disposed. The difficulty is the ignition, which in such a case must be absolutely synchronised, and the Napier people have a very ingenious "igniter," which is worth going to see. It has a high-tension distributor travelling round, and switching the intensified current to each plug in turn. There is a low-tension commutator, having six cams for making the contacts, but if the coil is left buzzing it may be ignored. This system, although perhaps necessary for the multi-cylinder engine, is expensive in itself, and must take a great deal of current, needing large accumulators; but this does not signify to the owners. The Prime Minister, Lord Farquhar, and others, have recently acquired these sort of vehicles. Last year there was actually in existence an eight-cylinder car, but little has been heard of it since, made by Charron, Giradot, et Voight, probably more as an advertisement than for any other reason.

Pumps

If the pneumatic tyre is a bugbear, the water-circulating pump is, or, at any rate, used to be, a good runner-up. Three days ago I met a forlorn party, in a fine car, with the engine red hot. The pump had stopped. The owner did not know where the water-tank was; he had filled it through a certain pipe, and that sufficed him; but, on tracing this up, we discovered it slung somewhere by the rear axle, and well below the engine, so the pump had to drive all the water up hill in order to keep this cool. More by good luck than anything else, we got the pump to work again, but here is a specimen of pure "cussedness" in motor-car practice. Had the water been carried above the cylinder, it might have boiled on the pump stopping—no more. As a matter of fact, if a tank of suitable size be carried, in connection with radiators, pumps are unnecessary. "Natural" proper circulation or thermo-syphon cooling is the thing. It is now adopted on the Chenard and Walcker 18 h.-p. new car, the Georges-Richard-Brasier 16 h.-p., and some of the Argyll makes. Benz used nothing else seven years ago. Next, please!



Rougier (Turcat-Méry), Third
57·5 miles, average speed per hour

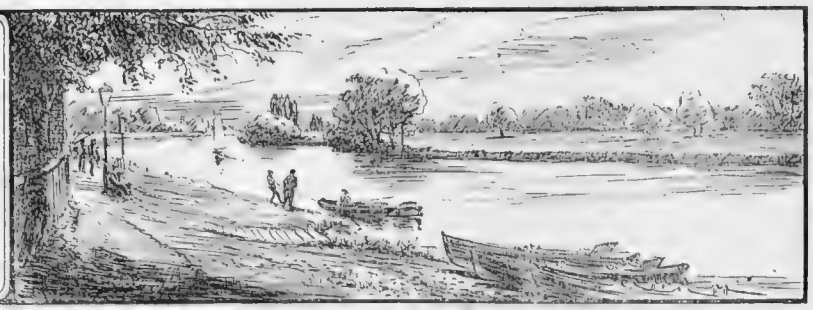
Pumps Generally

So for spite and general cussedness, commend me to a pump, and on most cars, "everythink will go contrairy" with it. I know of heaps of funnier ways of spending the evening than in tinkering (in the dark) on the roadside, at a condemned pump, which is too hot to touch, being afraid to proceed the while, there being no water in the cylinder jackets. One suffers pneumatic tyres, with their attendant punctures, gladly, like fools, and electrical faults are interesting to diagnose, but I have not yet met the motorist who can discourse on the harmful, unnecessary pump without a wealth and depth and breadth of adjective perfectly appalling to the uninitiated.

C. J. Mathon.

[*The Illustrations on this page show the three cars chosen in the French Eliminating Trials to represent France in the Gordon Bennett Contest.*]

BY LOCK AND WEIR.



Ascot Week Up River

The upper Thames is now looking its best, and in view of the Ascot meeting next week and Henley Regatta at the beginning of July, many smart house parties are being arranged. During Ascot week the river in the neighbourhood of Windsor and Maidenhead is always particularly busy, and on Sunday Boulter's Lock presents an especially brilliant scene, those passing through either in boats or on launches including some of the best known people in London Society.

Houseboats and Henley

Owing, doubtless, to the unsettled weather following Whitsuntide, arrangements for Henley at first seemed to hang fire, but the rush of inquirers who are now seeking houses in the neighbourhood, or houseboats on the course, goes to show that the Royal Regatta will be as well patronised as ever. Although not yet officially announced, it is understood that the King intends, if possible, to be present at the Regatta. Owners of houseboats and launches may be reminded, that applications for positions on the course must be addressed to the Secretary of the Thames Conservancy before the 16th inst. As in previous years, the allotment of positions will be based upon the amount subscribed to the funds of the Regatta Committee, and such subscriptions must be sent to the Regatta Secretary, Mr. J. F. Cooper, Henley-on-Thames.

Prohibitive Rentals

A hundred guineas, or, if you are lucky, perhaps a somewhat smaller sum for the use of a houseboat on the course during the week, is a prohibitive rental to a large number of people, and consequently, there is a growing tendency to take

Photo by *Plumbe*

A pretty Stretch of the River at Wargrave

Wargrave is one of the prettiest villages on the river, and the Hennerton backwater, which leaves the stream just below the erry, is the longest and most picturesque of Thames backwaters

Photo by] **Shiplake Lock** [*Plumbe*

Shiplake, while far enough away to be out of the "rush" at Henley, is near enough to provide a quiet stopping-place for visitors during the Royal Regatta week. It was at Shiplake Church that Tennyson was married, in June, 1854, going afterwards to live at Twickenham

bungalows or houses a few miles higher up stream. On regatta days friends can be met at Shiplake or Wargrave, thus avoiding the crowd and bustle of Henley, and taken down stream to arrive in time for the first race. After this, look for a place where lunch can be enjoyed in comfort; more than two races a day usually bore one's Henley visitors. The American girl, who enjoyed the regatta but thought the races a nuisance, was only singular in her candour.

Some Notable Houseboats

Apart from their proximity to Henley, both Wargrave and Shiplake have very considerable attractions of their own, and the excellent train service which brings them within an hour's journey of town gives them an advantage over places higher up. The station at Shiplake is within a hundred yards of the river, and round this quite a colony of villas and bungalows has grown up during the last three or four years. On either bank of the river are moored the house-boats for which Shiplake has long been noted. One of the largest of these, Mr. C. S. Quartermain's *Rhylva*, measures, with its tender, 120 feet in length; the *Carlton*, which occupied the next plot on the Berks bank last season, has been sold, its owner having built a bungalow on the ground. Mr. Arthur Collins's well-known boat, the *Venice*, which has previously been moored at Henley, is to be seen here this year, it having passed into the hands of Mr. P. Kemp, who is also owner of the *Wild Flower*. Amongst other boats at Shiplake that will be occupied during the season by their owners are Mr. T. G. Batt's *Dabchick*, Col. Eyre Williams's *Yarra Yarra*, Mr. W. Lewis's *Venezia*, and Mr. L. F. Goodriche's *Leisure Hour*. Many residents will regret to hear that Col. and Mrs. Inglish will not be at their house, *Riviera*, this season owing to the ill-health of their son, with whom they are abroad.

The Henley Sailing Club

The members of this club have their headquarters at Shiplake, where they have just erected a new pavilion, overlooking the course, at a cost of £400. Much of the success of the club is due to the efforts of the Commodore, Mr. W. H. Weldon, the Norroy King of Arms, who may often be seen on the river in his launch, *Chatterbox*. Sailing punts and gigs are the most popular classes in the club, and plenty of good sport is provided on the course, which extends from Shiplake to the ferry at Wargrave.

At Picturesque Wargrave

If Wargrave had no other claim to fame, it would be recollected for its annual regatta, one of the most pleasant of the up-river picnics which take place after the season for "best" boat racing is closed. Wargrave, however, may claim to be considered one of the prettiest villages on the Thames, though little of it is seen from the river; whilst the Wargrave backwater, or Hennerton backwater, as it is more correctly called, which leaves the main stream below the ferry and joins it again within a few hundred yards of Marsh Lock, is at once the longest and most picturesque backwater on the Thames. Above the George and Dragon, noted for its sign, is the house of Alderman H. W. Morris, whose daughter and nieces are always to the fore at local regattas, and usually amongst the prizewinners.

R. B. B.

CONTEMPORARY COUNTY CRICKET

By HOME GORDON

There is a notable and welcome revival of energy and enthusiasm in first-class matches. The scattering among the counties of those "ashes" brought back from Australia, has provided a badly needed "pick-me-up" after 1903, which was the most depressed cricket season on record. History had been ear-marked with temporary failures among English cricketers after a Colonial tour, but Mr. Warner has brought back all his men fit and sound, Knight possessing increased self-confidence, which he badly needed; and Relf, always commendable and commended by Mr. C. B. Fry, notably improved in all departments.

But—there is always a bad but, except in Sussex, which possesses a skilled Butt—contemporary catching is as bad as ever. "Dux" has computed that in five first-class matches, played concurrently, seventy catches were missed, which must make the bowler regret the impossibility of Mr. P. H. Foley's proposal that the offending fieldsman should present him with ten shillings. Years ago, when Yorkshire were reprieving opponents with exasperating frequency, Tom Emmett said to poor Billy Bates, "If balls of butter were to be hit into your blooming mouth, you'd drop them." And this must be the feeling of most bowlers, though c. and b. is not more frequently to be read on the score than c. A., b. B.

A. O. Jones, Captain of Notts

May was a month for fast bowlers. A triumvirate won the three opening encounters of L.C.C.—the Little County Club, as an amateur once called it when it had an exceptionally bad side. Of these, Mr. Odell would be always better if he had more support (fast bowlers are now worked in a way which would have made their predecessors throw up the sponge); Mr. Hesketh Prichard, who has become a trifle slower in pace, gains thereby in command over the ball; and Mr. Brearley, whenever he gets his length, is formidable, while if the pitch is fiery he is positively dangerous. Bestwick, of Derbyshire, delivers a formidable rising ball which comes almost bail high on the leg stump. Hirst is as effective as of yore, notable for his swerves, when three short legs, only one man in the slips, and no point have been necessary; and Fielder sends down a very fast delivery which goes away with his arm. Lockwood is still deadly, though he is dependent on getting a firm footing; and Lees, a bowler who has his days, and those not invariably consecutive, has fanned the hopes of Surrey partisans. Verily the May carnival of fast bowlers would have been a holocaust had half the catches been held.

A bowler depends greatly on his captain. For example, how much of the success of Wilfred Rhodes is due to the ripe experience of Lord Hawke? In earlier days the Yorkshire captain would carefully place the field for the young left-hander, and tell him the batting idiosyncracies of opponents, "mothering him into a phenomenon," as Albert Trott is reported to have said. To-day, though he of course allows him more scope, Lord Hawke is still as valuable to Rhodes, owing to his dexterous management, his acute powers of observation, and his genuine consideration. Indeed, he is the foremost county captain, with Mr. S. M. J. Woods and Mr. Gregor MacGregor as second and third. "The Baron," however, wins by rather more than a short head, whilst a handkerchief covers "Sammy" and "Mac." This trio, with Messrs. C. E. de Trafford, A. C. MacLaren, G. L. Jessop, A. O. Jones, and H. F. Foster are the only county captains who have been more than two years in office So rapidly the old order changes, yet it is noteworthy that at the annual meeting, last winter, advisory resolutions were sent up to the M.C.C. committee, who are now promoting another advisory committee.

The pavilion critic, of course, sees much more of the game than the cricketer actually participating, for the latter changes his point of view according to whether he is batting, bowling, fielding, or in the dressing room, and is, moreover, naturally unable to write with freedom about a match in which he is taking

part. From the pavilion, the contemplation of captaincy is enthralling: it is a study of temperaments, an epitome of humanity; it furnishes examples not only of marshals, directing forces, but of Bopeeps, leading sheep. In sheer quietness of captaincy, Mr. J. F. Byrne is curiously assimilated to Warwickshire cricket which, from Hargreaves as a bowler, reaches a respectable level of unobtrusive efficiency, a standard to which the leader judiciously conforms, for he is tactful and not at all obtrusive. But I always wonder what the energy of some galvanic cricketer would produce acting on the stonewall dispositions of this stonewall team. The energy of Mr. G. L. Jessop is at the opposite pole. In Gloucestershire it is *aut Jessop aut nihil*, and whilst "the Croucher" never spares his own boundless physical powers, he really forgets the limitations of average humanity. Putting the last ounce of himself mentally and bodily into a game, he would obtain results more commensurate with his own indefatigable labours if he realised that his side are not all Sandows at eleven stone. The enthusiasm of Mr. Woods makes him nurse his side; that of Mr. Jessop propels them forward with a velocity they have not the capacity to maintain.

G. L. Jessop, Captain of Gloucestershire

Of the new captains, most is expected, and most will be obtained from, Mr. C. B. Fry, in whom theory and practice are happily wedded. Very cool and capable he showed himself at Lord's, but a leader who goes into the long field must forego delicate modifications of the positions of his men during the over. The Australians taught us this, Mr. MacLaren realised it, and Mr. Fry is certain speedily to act on the same lines. Some day we shall look to see him lead an England side in a test match.

Never was an honour thrust on a more reluctant amateur than the Essex captaincy on Mr. Fane. A man of high-strung, nervous, sensitive temperament, he so positively hates authority that he firmly declined to be captain of the last English team to the West Indies, and even now has become the county leader only from a sense of duty. He is woefully handicapped by the loss of his best bowler. Mead and Mediocrity had long been the summary of the Essex attack: now Hamlet is omitted, but the tragedy is intensified.

Mr. Chinnery will have a big task to retrieve the waning fortunes of Surrey. Had his predecessors enjoyed a free hand, their labours would have been easier but the old Etonian will probably take care that he is untrammelled. From what has already been seen, he is certain to improve the Oval team, and if he can succeed in showing that Surrey can pluckily play a losing game, he will do what could never be achieved in the palmy days of the county. He is the only Surrey rejected who has ever come back to the fold. Among the wilfully unemployed, or, accidentally lost, sportsmen, being Messrs. C. B. Fry, C. M. Wells, A. P. Lucas, R. P. Lewis, G. O. Smith, E. C. Streatfield, H. W. Bainbridge, the two Druces, the three Douglas', with Braund and Hallam. Mr. A. O. Jones pulled together an irresponsible Notts side; and Mr. Lawton, now in America, fairly renovated Derbyshire after the eleven had on occasions betrayed open dissatisfaction. So Mr. Chinnery has some fine examples to spur him on. The public are not, apparently, aware that Mr. Marsham is one of the prettiest batsmen to watch, while as understudy to the vigilant Mr. Burnup, he brings to Kent the best traditions of Oxford captaincy. There is plenty of fire in the Kentish team, but it is one of *bonâ fide* sportsmen, so business, unfortunately, keeps away most of the amateurs until August.

C. E. de Trafford, Captain of Leicestershire

BRIDGE:

By "Problematicus"

Cards from The Bystander Bridge Box.

OUR SEVENTH FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION

No Long Drawn-out Scheme—One Hand Only.

The Bystander offers its readers three prizes every other week for the best solutions of the play of the different hands which will be set out on this page.

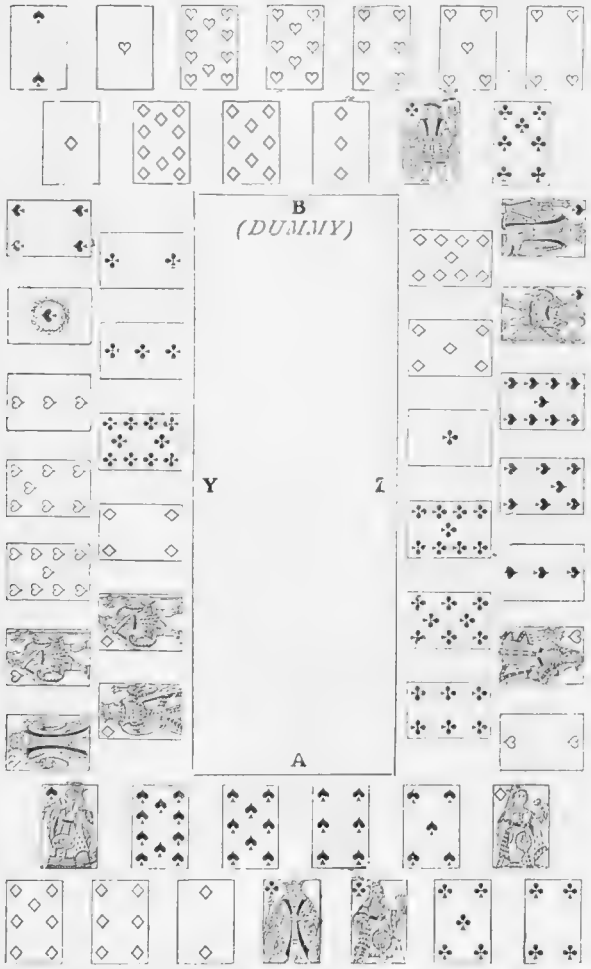
1st Prize	**£3**	**3**	**0**
2nd Prize	**£2**	**2**	**0**
3rd Prize	**£1**	**1**	**0**

To those whose solutions deserve honourable mention we present a "Bystander Bridge Box" containing two packs of the very best pneumatic playing cards. As can be seen from the illustration above, these cards have on the backs a replica of our well-known cover.

SEVENTH *FORTNIGHTLY* COMPETITION

Double Dummy.

THE HAND.



A deals and leaves it to Dummy. Hearts are, by rule, Trumps. Y leads.

All solutions to the hand given this week must reach the office of The Bystander not later than the first post on Friday, June 17.

Judging from the number of solutions sent in, our competitors enjoyed the change, in our fifth Fortnightly competition, to four-handed Bridge. We have returned to Double-Dummy hands, because we know that the majority of our competitors find them simpler; but now and again we shall give a hand at four-handed Bridge.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page viii. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" FORTNIGHTLY BRIDGE COMPETITION

The Bridge Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played at Double Dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♡ A	♡ K	♡ 7	♡ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—

A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

Hard Times!

[*The tightness of money is very apparent in many of the best London clubs. Members who used to dine themselves well, now frequently content themselves with a modest chop or a steak. Many well-known persons have been lately seen to patronise the cheap restaurants about Soho.* —Daily Paper.]

SCENE: *The Smoking-room at the Crœsus Club. Discovered:* THE HON. CYRIL POYNT-D'ARGENT *and* MR. OWINGHAM HALLROUND. *To them enter* SIR JOHN BANKS.

SIR JOHN: Hulloa! Sherry-and-bitters? Trying to get up an appetite for dinner, hey?

MR. O. H.: Good ged, don't talk about dinner. I've got no money to waste on food. (*Yawns drearily.*)

SIR JOHN (*Sitting, and briskly unfolding evening paper*): Ha! It looks as if the Japanese had at last received a check——

HON. C.: Wha—at? Received a cheque? Lucky dogs! (*Relapses into gloom.*)

MR. O. H.: Talkin' about dogs, what's become of that one o' yours, Cyril?

HON. C.: Got rid of the beast. I simply couldn't stand him any longer.

MR. O. H.: Couldn't stand him? Why? Very nice dog!

HON. C.: Yes; but he'd got such an irritatin' bark. It got on my nerves rather.

SIR JOHN: Dear me; how curious! And how was the dog's bark so irritating?

HON. C.: Well, you see, the beast kept on saying "Oof! oof!" and I couldn't put up with it!

(SIR JOHN, *with a feeling that he has been had, relapses into his paper, but presently bobs up again with another remark.*)

SIR JOHN: This Kiel business will, no doubt, have important consequences. When the two Sovereigns——

HON. C. (*with a sharp cry of anguish*): Ugh—don't!

SIR JOHN (*surprised*): Don't what?

HON. C.: Don't talk about two sovereigns. It's so long since I saw two together that it gives me intense anguish to think of them.

SIR JOHN: I meant monarchs, sir (*with some severity*). Our King and the German Emperor.

HON. C.: Beg pardon, I'm sure. Silly mistake of mine.

SIR JOHN (*mollified*): Oh, well, even Homer nods.

MR. O. H.: Does he? *I* can't. They won't let me any more. When I tried to back something on the nod at Epsom, old Dick Satchell was quite rude about it. Said he wanted a bit off the old.

SIR JOHN (*continuing his political reflections*): It's strange how England is now being courted.

MR. O. H. (*with a ghostly smile*): Well, that's better than being county-courted.

HON. C.: Please don't, Owie! (*Shudders.*)

MR. O. H.: By the way, have you heard about poor old Dick Lacksilver?

HON. C.: No. What happened?

MR. O. H.: Well, one of the committee saw him takin' a cake of soap out of the lavatory, and there was a noise. Poor Dickie explained that they were robbing him of his only means of livelihood. He used to cut up the soap into little squares, and sell 'em from house to house in the suburbs, as "Somebody-or-Other's Peerless Cleanser." But it was no good, poor old thing!

HON. C.: Rotten shame!

[*Enter Lord Robert Pebleybeach. He nods cheerily.*

MR. O. H.: Cheer O, Pebby! What's your best news? You look rather gleesome.

LORD R.: Just found a new place to dine. Very thing for us!

MR O. H.: Oh, good! Where?

LORD R.: In the Walworth Road. Steak pudding, fourpence—any vedge, a penny—bread, a ha'penny. Jolly well they do you, too.

HON. C.: Oh, well played, Pebby! (To Mr. O. H.) Let's trot round. What?

MR. O. H.: Right you are!

[*Exeunt, counting their coppers.*

V. D.

Double Entendre

The customary festivities of the London season are once more in full swing, and we must prepare for the usual insincere flatteries and phrases we do not mean.—*From a Ladies' Paper.*

"Thanks for a ripping dance," he said, as they found a lonely seat.
He really meant, and she knew he meant, "Had ever a girl such feet?"
"May I?" he asked, as he took her fan, meaning, "Oh, beastly bore!"
"Thanks, no," she said, but he understood, "Of course, that's what you're for."
"Do you know," he said, though he nearly yawned, "I've longed for a talk with you."
"Does he really think I'm a fool?" she thought, but she smiled, "And I with you."
"You differ so much from other girls," he said, with a chuckle grim,
And he thought "Poor fool;" "Egregious ass," was what she thought of him.
"May I not beg another dance?" he asked, with a warning glare.
"Too late," she said with a little sigh, but she thought, "I'll take good care."
"I trust we shall meet again," he said. "We shall," was her reply.
But, "Not if I see you first," thought he; and she, "No, thanks; good-bye."

PRIZEWINNERS AT THE WEST MIDDLESEX HORSE SHOW

Mr. A. Nixey Smith's "Grasshopper"
Winner of the First Prize as best timber and wall jumper, and winner of Open Jumping Competition

A Spill at the Water Jump
The water jump, which provides a severe test for hunters, is usually the scene of many hairbreadth escapes

Mrs. Hartley Batt, driving "Sir George and Lady Wiles"
This splendid team took First Prize in the Tandem Class

Miss Violet Haines showing "Erin"
"Erin" took First Prize as covert hack at the Middlesex Show, and also at the Watford Horse Show

Mr. W. S. Cunard's "Fakenham Princess"
This championship mare took a First Prize at Watford and a Second at the Middlesex Show

Miss E. Cunliffe showing "Sam Weller and Beckenham Gentleman"
This high-stepping pair took Firsts at both the Middlesex and Watford Shows

Lord Newlands and Viscountess Gort

Sir Frederick and Lady Cook

Captain Quinton Dick and the Hon. Mrs. Lamb

THE FIRST MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB IN HYDE PARK

Bystander Announcements

To River Lovers

Henley Regatta will take place on July 5, 6, and 7, when we propose to offer to our readers a valuable Prize for competition. All we ask now is, for those of our readers who possess house-boats to look out for the announcement, which will appear in our issue of the 22nd inst

Lawn Tennis

Every tournament this season of importance will be dealt with in "The Bystander."

Snapshots at Tournaments, with full particulars pencilled on the back, may be sent to the Editor, and will receive every consideration. All accepted photographs will be paid for.

To Motorists

Those of our readers who are interested in Motoring will be glad to know that, by a special arrangement, they will be able to have inquiries for advice concerning the purchase or sale of cars, or accessories, answered by correspondence with our motor expert. Further details of this helpful arrangement will be given next week, until when readers are requested to hold over any inquiries they may have in view.

Also, in order to be of the greatest assistance to motorists, any advertisements concerning cars, chauffeurs, &c., will be inserted in "The Bystander," in a space facing our weekly motoring article, at the special rate of 1/3 per line.

Miss Marie Corelli

A Series of Articles by this well-known Author will commence in "The Bystander" for June 22. The subjects embraced will be Modern Life, Society, and Manners. Written in the spirit of independence and honest criticism which has brought such fame to Miss Marie Corelli, these articles, of which we have obtained exclusive rights, will rank among her most serious contributions to journalism. Miss Corelli contributes so seldom to the Press, that a series of articles from her pen is a feature of which any weekly illustrated paper might well be proud.

"The Bystander" should be ordered early, in order that copies may be ensured.

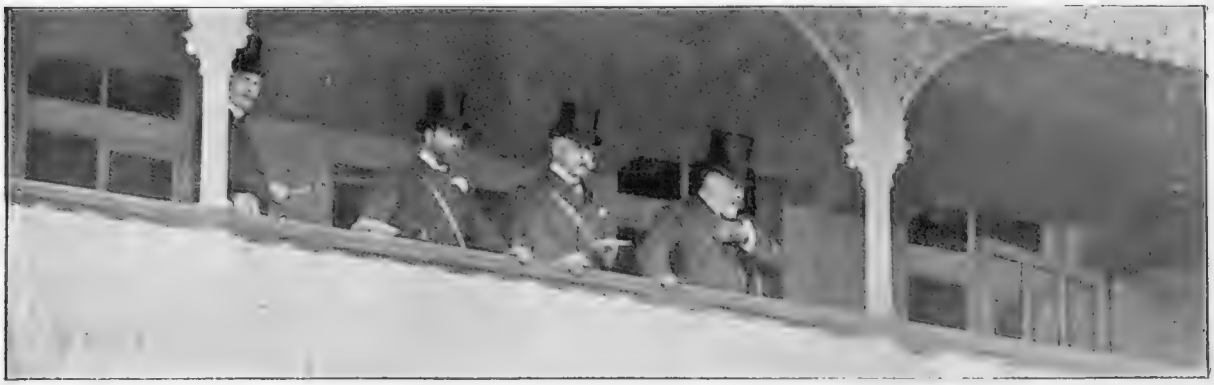
THE VANQUISHED DERBY FAVOURITE'S JOURNEY TO ENGLAND

The Van containing Gouvernant on the deck of the "Mary Grace," which brought the Favourite from Boulogne to Folkestone

Gouvernant at Epsom: Quietly grazing in the Paddock at Holts's stable shortly after his arrival

Given the right sort of weather, the favourite's chances amounted almost to a certainty, but the heavy rains made heavy going on the course, with the result that the outsiders' chances were heightened, and, as everybody now knows, the flower of the French racing stables took seventh place

DERBY DAY: IN THE STANDS AND ON THE COURSE



The King and the Prince of Wales

Sir Reginald Graham, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild

The human element of the Race

DERBY DAY: IN THE PADDOCK AND ON PARADE

The Parade past a forest of Umbrellas

"St. Amant," the Winner, K. Cannon up

A Glimpse at "John o' Gaunt" in the Paddock

LAWN TENNIS: THE OPEN TOURNAMENT AT SURBITON

The Surbiton Tournament

The Surbiton Tournament was notable for some unexpected reversals of form. Mrs. Sterry was beaten by Miss Stawell-Brown by 6—4, 3—6, 6—3, which was a triumph for the latter lady, who, playing with her usual indomitable pluck, won the match after a hard struggle. Mrs. Sterry, it should be said, is not yet entirely in form, and it will be remembered that this popular lady was not playing last season. At the same time Miss Stawell-Brown played brilliantly and is a fast improving player. Her one fault, it seems to me, is that her overhead service entails great exertion. It is rarely a man even, throws the ball so high in the air and expends so much physical energy in serving as does Miss Stawell-Brown. Miss Boothby, a dainty and pretty young lady, showed improvement over last year, while Miss Connie Wilson, the winner of the Ladies' Open Singles, is making great strides towards the Championship. For the Championship of Surrey, S. H. Smith beat M. J. G. Ritchie in the final by 3 sets to love. McNair, who played brilliantly throughout, put up a hard match against Smith in the second round, being beaten by 6—4, 6—3. C. E. Finlason beat Mahoney, Brame and Hillyard, in consecutive rounds, to fall to Smith in the semi-final by 6—2, 6—8, 6—1. The tournament was somewhat interfered with by the weather.

The Tynedale Tournament

The Tynedale Tournament was held at Hexham at Whitsuntide in cold but fine weather. Our Northern friends are very keen players, and though they have few players of great repute, are always ready to match their powers against all-comers. It is a pity there is not a greater entry from the South for this delightful little tournament, for the courts are quite among the best in the country and the committee, needless to say, welcome visitors with pleasure. G. B. Youll, of Chiswick Park, was playing, and fought very gamely through several rounds. The singles Challenge Cup was won, however, by H. Laws, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the second time.

Miss C. M. Wilson

Who carried off the Ladies' Open Championship of Surrey at Surbiton

Mrs. Sterry

Lady Champion in 1901, among other years. Mrs. Sterry is not yet playing in her best form, and was defeated by Miss Stawell-Brown

The Beckenham Tournament is now in course of progress, which means the Kent Championships. I hear there is an excellent entry, and, given fair weather, there will be excellent form seen.

A New Racquet

If a new racquet is put on the market there is sure to be a wholesome demand for it, if it be a good article. Messrs. Slazenger, with their splendid "Doherty," and their almost equally excellent "E.G.M.," have for long held the record for excellence, for, with the possible exception of Tate, who, however, is not always ready to deliver at the moment the purchaser desires, there has been no other maker to approach Slazenger. It is no disparagement to either of these renowned firms to say that they now have a serious rival in Messrs. Mars and Co., of 9, Place de la Madeleine, Paris, who are turning out a really first-class racquet at 23*s*. In appearance, it is an almost exact counterpart of the "Doherty," being double strung centrally in exactly the same manner. It is somewhat tighter strung, almost as tight, indeed, as a racket racquet. Those players who have given Messrs. Mars' article a trial are very warm in their praise of it, and all I can say is, I never want to handle a better one. The same racquet, without the double stringing in the centre, is being sold for a guinea I can thoroughly recommend my readers to give Messrs. Mars a trial, and have only to add that the firm makes a point of meeting an order without needless delay.

QUIDNUNC.

H. S. Mahony

Who, with M. J. G. Ritchie, won the Gentlemen's Doubles at Surbiton

Miss Stawell-Brown

Miss Stawell-Brown, who has a terrific service, reached the first class by defeating Mrs. Sterry in the Open Singles at Surbiton

G. M. Simond

Who was beaten in the second round of the Gentlemen's Singles at Surbiton. Mr. Simond, besides being a notable tennis player, is a fine exponent of the game of Bridge, and recently succeeded in carrying off one of the prizes in our fortnightly competition

INTERNATIONAL GOLF: ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND AT SANDWICH

Scotsmen Victorious by Six Matches to Three

1. S. H. Fry driving from the third tee
2. W. H Fowler approaching the fourth green
3. R. Maxwell driving the first ball of the match
4. Horace G. Hutchinson approaching the fourth green
5. Harold Hilton plays cleverly out of the bunker before the thirteenth hole

A Christian Science Church in Manchester

This church, which was recently opened in Victoria Park, is the only one of its kind in Europe

The new Swedish Rifle

This ingenious rifle, the invention of Mr. G. Waller, of the Swedish Army, is especially designed to enable soldiers to take cover, when firing from rifle pits. Aim can be taken at a hidden foe by means of a little mirror fitted to the rifle. Experiments made with this rifle have been very satisfactory, and there is every likelihood of its being adopted by the Swedish Army

Vanishing London: The Burlington Arms, Chiswick, where Hogarth painted many of his works

Although the Burlington Arms is to disappear, the associations of Hogarth with Chiswick will be kept alive through the generosity of Colonel Shipway, who has just opened the Painter's house to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hogarth's riverside dwelling contains 135 prints from his works

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

This is how our chat, if truthfully written, should read this week: "We will tell them, Ambrosine, about that lovely brown chiffon frock embroidered in paille—oh! that fool of a little boy is going to run right across us—Ah! (a sigh ascends in relief.) Well, I was talking about the brown chif—— Jack! (taken at the high A) what (after a moment's agonised pause) idiotic things dogs are. I can't think why they were born."

AMBROSINE: "And do let us emphasise that touch of—missed his speed again—blue, it was the *chic* of the whole thing. Also (confidentially)—there is a sparking plug gone, I am sure—the little chapeau, trimmed with gooseberries——"

And just here we were deposited in the King's highway, where we remained for an hour, while certain interior disarrangements of the motor were attended to.

An Ideal Motoring Wrap

And yet, nothwithstanding, is the pursuit as dear to us as ever—the more so, since we have discovered the ideal summer wrap. Quite unexpectedly, we encountered this treasure at Derry and Toms, that most excellent establishment in Kensington High Street, and it may be briefly described as a circular skirt and three-quarter sacque coat, to be worn conjointly or separately, as fancy or circumstances dictate. Then the coat, in addition to being double breasted, boasts an inner flap, so that the front is three-fold, and can be worn either open or closed. There are capacious pockets, and a slit each side, which allows the hands free ingress to the dress beneath, or they can be slipped into a lining receptacle specially prepared, which acts as a muff.

A *chic* high-crowned hat of deep mauve straw, with ostrich feather sweeping from front to back
(Sketched at Madame Valerie's)

A toque of pale blue straw, ornamented with roseleaves and pink rosebuds
(Sketched at Madame Valerie's)

The convertible collar is arranged with a continuation flap—a capital notion—while the sleeves are full of tricks, all perfectly practical, however, and arranged in view of meeting the varying contingencies invariably provided by a motor ride. Arranged in white silk mackintosh, the effect is exceptionally smart, while a useful covert coating serves pretty well all ends and seasons. It is borne in upon us from interested observation, the value of a few tested hints; hence our excuse for this dissertation. For, after all is said and done, the few only, as yet, are privileged to enjoy the motoring luxury.

In the matter of summer headgear, we do not find much to choose, in point of weight, between the frieze and the linen cap; the thing that tells in both cases being the lining, and, lacking that shapely support, the cap is an unconvincing affair. Nor are we prepared to lend a moment's countenance to the peak

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ending abruptly either side, since that is neither becoming nor necessary, whereas the line continued completely round, of course considerably narrowed, is quite all right, and helps towards maintaining the always desirable symmetry.

Some of the latest linen caps, in fact, carry a narrow, regular brim, cleverly manipulated so that it can be worn either up or down. But many quite serious motorists are affecting an ordinary straw torpedo shaped toque, with a fine silk hood veil, this latter fabric proving far more effectual in preventing the inroad of dust, than gauze or even shower-proof chiffon, while it is not in the very least appreciably heavier.

Apropos of millinery, we are reminded we have a song to sing on

The Charming Chapeaux

pictured here. They were commandeered at Madame Valerie's, 12, New Burlington Street, a milliner whose admirable taste, untiring energies, and amiable personal qualities, have won her friends all the world over. As a matter of fact, no one caters more thoroughly for those removed from the great metropolis than Madame Valerie, boxes of carefully selected models being sent on approval to any part of the United Kingdom, on receipt of a trade reference.

Constant little pilgrimages to Paris, moreover, help to maintain a note here of marked exclusiveness, although Madame Valerie has the interest of a comprehensive *clientèle* far too much at heart to attempt to emphasise any particular style, the choice, indeed, invariably appealing as quite extraordinarily varied, and there are prices, too, for all purses. But the first and natural inclination is to step sharply with La Mode, as witness that *chic*, high-crowned chapeau, the left side of the brim tilted to a sharp upward angle, on folds of pale mauve tulle. The shape is in a rather deep mauve straw, the crown draped with folds of palest blue *souple* satin ribbon, a quite lovely ostrich feather, manœuvred in the now approved serpentine manner, shading from pale blue to an almost imperceptible green, sweeping from front to back. Anything cleverer or more attractive than this daring blend of colours we have seldom seen, the whole effecting a perfect harmony.

The little toque, again, carries quite a particular *cachet* of its own, and is a faithful testimony of what is turned out here at a moderate price. Thus, 27*s.* 9*d.* will secure this thoroughly up-to-date affair of pale blue straw, peculiarly twisted in a sort of heavy plait, as regards the brim, above which comes a wreath of rose leaves; while a veritable forest of pink rosebuds effects a delicious finish at the left side.

A genuine French model, before which Ambrosine completely succumbed, was of *paille Anglaise*, in a natural tint, shaped like one of those small Tyrolean felts, the brim turned up all round, and trimmed with pale green ribbon, caught with clusters of gooseberries. Madame Valerie has some seductively scented veils, too, that are simply irresistible.

An original design for a mercerised cotton gown in white with pale blue spots, trimmed with folds of self-coloured linen

Messrs. J. Harris and Sons, 25 Old Bond Street

What do we women not owe this great house for their experienced dealings with linen goods? To-day, Harris linen is a household word, both here and abroad; and the linen gown more a necessity than a choice. A summer wardrobe, lacking one of these cool, practical summer suits, is fitly judged a poor, inadequate affair, while one of the essential charms of the material is its ready adaptability to either the necessarily economical or the well-filled purse.

As pioneers of the weave, Messrs. J. Harris have always kept well ahead, and are invariably *au fait* with the season's doings, a fact singularly well emphasised in their new linen voile, a perfectly delightful quality, and running, as usual, through a long range of colours. Their linen tweeds, frankly speaking, I care for less; but tastes differ so much on these points, and many will doubtless see large possibilities, and, what is more, realise them, in this flaked fancy.

Not neglecting the craze for stitchery, Messrs. J. Harris are doing doughty deeds in all kinds of embroidery and appliqué linen trimmings—though, perhaps, the most immediately interesting detail is their embroidered shirt, cut out and made, with the exception of the seams, and ready traced for working.

THE
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SOMERSET (Minehead).—To be SOLD, a well-built Bijou RESIDENCE, with 3 reception, & 7 bedrooms, stabling for 2, detached billiard room. Price £1,600. Would be let Furnished. (12,292)

CORFE CASTLE.—To be LET, Unfurnished, this substantial RESIDENCE: 4 reception, 20 bedrooms, stabling for 8 with rooms over, 13 acres of grounds, & shooting over 5,000 acres. Rent £400 per annum, or would be let Furnished. (12,140)

EASTBOURNE (with magnificent views across the sea & land).—To be SOLD, or LET Furnished, a well-built ESIDENCE, with beautifully fitted hall, billiard & 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, motor house, electric light. Grounds of 1½ acres. Photos. Inspected. (12,194)

HANTS (Winchester, near).—To be SOLD, a comfortable Family RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully wooded grounds, some 25 acres in extent, commodious panelled hall, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling for 4, lodge, gardener's cottage. Residence would be sold with less land. (11,903)

CHELTENHAM (near).—In the centre of the Cotswold Hunt, to be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, ample stabling, farm, and cottages. With 60 acres, £4,500. Up to 100 acres could be had if required (12,269)

MAYFAIR.—£3,000 will purchase a delightful little RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice position: 3 reception, bath, 5 bedrooms, newly decorated. (38,127)

PICCADILLY (just off).—Charming medium-sized RESIDENCE, within a few yards of Green Park: 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms. Price, 3,000 guineas. (37,076)

MAYFAIR.—£16,000 will be accepted for the lease of an exceptionally attractive MANSION, occupying one of the best positions in this favourite situation: 6 reception, 2 bath, & 14 bedrooms. (37,161)

PORTLAND PLACE.—For SALE, the long lease of a really fine RESIDENCE, containing: 7 reception, 3 bath, 13 bedrooms, & stabling. Price, £16,000. (40,119)

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SUSSEX SQUARE, Hyde Park.—5,000 guineas will purchase the 33 years' lease of one of the best HOUSES in this favourite Square: 10 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms. Ground rent £25. (40,114)

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KENT (near the coast, 500 ft. above sea level).—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above beautiful Old English MANOR HOUSE, standing in midst of beautiful estate of 4,400 acres, approached by a carriage drive, containing: Billiard, 6 reception, 23 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 15; old park, pleasure grounds; kitchen gardens; charming old church in grounds; hunting, golf.—GILLOWS have inspected and recommend. (12,088)

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SUFFOLK.—Marine RESIDENCE to be LET, well Furnished, for the season: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Rent, 10 guineas a week. (12,276)

CHALFONT St. GILES (near).—To be SOLD, an excellent Residential & Sporting ESTATE, extending to over 1,000 acres. The Residence contains billiard and 3 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, fine stabling, electric light. First class shooting, hunting, & golf. Photos, etc., of GILLOWS. (11,386)

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HARRODS (Ltd.) will offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the MART, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C. (near the Bank of England), on MONDAY, June 20, 1904, at two o'clock precisely, a very valuable and attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL and AGRICULTURAL ESTATE, in one of the most favoured spots in the kingdom, within 3½ miles of Droxford Station (L. & S.W. Rly.) and within a few minutes' walk of church, village, post, & telegraph office. The fine old Georgian residence occupies a charming position in the centre of the estate, is placed some 200 ft. above sea level, and is known as Whitedale, Hambledon, Hants. The accommodation comprises: fine hall, 5 reception rooms, some 15 bed and dressing-rooms, bath room, and ample offices. The outbuildings are at a convenient distance from the house, and comprise stabling for five horses, large coach-houses, old cobbled yard, with mounting step, dairy, laundry, well house, etc. Surrounding the residence are the magnificently-timbered pleasure grounds, with lawns, beautiful old flower garden, beech avenue, vineries and greenhouses, very fine old-fashioned walled-in kitchen garden, with grass paths, park-like meadow lands, over 40 acres of beautiful woods, an extensive rookery, etc. There are three cottages and ample farm buildings, including five-stall stable, cow stalls, granary, barn, etc. There are capital sporting facilities, excellent hunting being obtainable with three packs: some shooting can be had on the estate, and more is obtainable, while two golf links are within reach. The farm is about equally divided between good working arable and rich pasture land, the total area being over 178 acres. While the whole will be sold with vacant possession on completion.—Illustrated particulars, plan, and conditions of sale may be had at the Mart; of Messrs. Robins, Hay, Walters, and Hay, Solicitors, 9, Lincoln's Inn-fields, London, W.C.; and, together with orders to view, of the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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CHELSEA EMBANKMENT (No. 16, Cheyne Gardens, S.W.).—A charmingly placed town RESIDENCE, facing ornamental gardens, and having pretty private garden in the rear, containing: 4 reception-rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Beautifully fitted and arranged. Electric light. Term 59 years, at a ground rent of £12 per annum.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, June 20, 1904, at two o'clock precisely.—Particulars and conditions of sale can be had of H. Chester, Esq., 4, South Square, Gray's Inn, W.C., and, together with orders to view, of the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WOKING, Surrey, within five minutes' walk of the railway station.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL by AUCTION, at the MART, Tokenhouse-yard (near the Bank of England), London, E.C., on MONDAY, June 20, 1904, at two o'clock precisely, the especially well-built and attractive FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, known as Culverlands, Woking, Surrey, placed in one of the most beautiful positions in this healthy district, close to the railway station and town, yet in a rural spot, facing beautiful woodland scenery, and surrounded by residences of the highest class. The residence is approached by a carriage sweep, and contains: fine entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and spacious domestic offices including servants' hall, butler's pantry, etc. At the extreme corner of the property, and approached by a separate drive, is the well-built stabling and coach house, consisting of 2 stalls, standing for 3 carriages, loft, paved yard, etc. The residence is lighted by electric light throughout, and is fitted in a suitable manner for a high-class residence. The grounds are most charmingly disposed, the pleasure garden including a well-laid tennis lawn, around which are pretty plantations. There is a prolific orchard and kitchen garden, fowl run, etc., the total area being about 1 acre. Company's water, main drainage. Hunting and golf. Vacant possession on completion.—Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale may be obtained from Messrs. Fitzhugh, Wooley, Baines, and Wooley, Solicitors, 3, Pavilion Parade, Brighton; and, together with orders to view, of the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

At a Nominal Reserve.

TWICKENHAM, Middlesex.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will sell by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, E.C., on Monday, June 20, 1904, at two o'clock precisely, a particularly charming detached RESIDENCE, known as Rossland, Cole Park Road, Twickenham, in the most delightful position in this favourite suburb, within five minutes' walk of Twickenham Junction Railway Station (L. and S.W. Railway) and the electric trams. The residence is built in the Early English style of architecture, and is arranged in most perfect style for a house of its size and character. The accommodation comprises: a pretty entrance hall, 3 charming reception rooms, billiard or play room, 5 or more bedrooms, bathroom, and unusually complete domestic offices. It is most quaintly fitted and finished in character with its style of building, the principal rooms having beamed ceilings and leaded light casements, while a feature of the front is a large hooded portico. It is approached through a pretty front garden, while in the rear is a small but prettily arranged and well-matured garden. There is a large garden for the use of occupants of houses on the estate, with tennis lawns, etc. Tradesmen's entrance, bicycle shed. Held for a term of about 95 years at a ground rent of £7 10s. per annum, and will be offered with vacant possession on completion. May be viewed by orders of the Auctioneers only.—Particulars and conditions of sale can be had at the Mart, E.C.; of Messrs. Williamson, Hill, and Co., Solicitors, 13, Sherborne Lane, London, E.C.; and of the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, June 20, at two o'clock precisely.—Particulars of J. A. Whitehead, Esq., 63, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; of Mr. H. E. Oldham, Surveyor, Dorman's Land, East Grinstead; and of the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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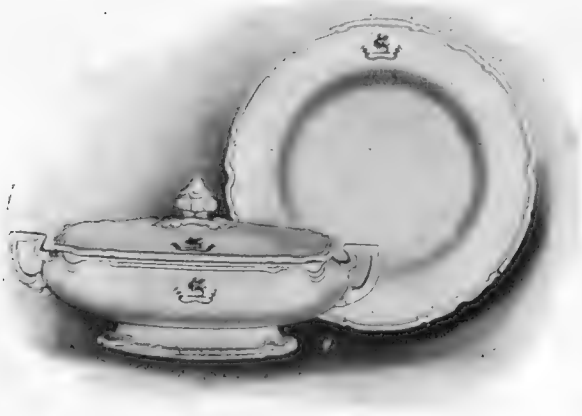

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The summer catalogue brought out by Messrs. J. Harris, will be a very revelation to those who have been searching other less prolific sources for some favoured colour, and should certainly be written for, even though it be immediately followed up by a personal visit, an initial quiet study assisting one immensely towards eliminating the colours which are not deemed suitable.

Linen Hats

After valiantly struggling for two or three summers to prove becoming, and, at the same time, of a quality reasonable to cleaning, the fact has been accomplished, and we are prepared to promise every manner of happiness in the possession of a white linen hat, daintily inset with light guipure motifs, the flop brim supported from beneath by a deftly corded foundation, sometimes expressed in pale pink or blue or mauve, delicate tints that throw a fascinating reflection on the face. Others again, of white lawn, carry volant upon volant, each one elaborated by the ubiquitous frillings of Tom Thumb Valenciennes edging.

The river girl is especially urged to consider the merits of these shady chapeaux, under their latest improved auspices, and we have several milliners in our mind's eye, who may be safely entrusted to supply perfected models in every way.

Linen versus Wool

A great controversy is proceeding at present, and as a wave has washed our way, we feel emboldened to touch on the event. This has to do with the comparatively recently discovered hygienic value of linen worn next the skin; but linen, *bien entendu*, under new auspices, for which the company manufacturing as The Kneipp Linen Mesh, are conspicuously responsible. This firm claims to have entirely overcome the non-porous difficulty, in their linen mesh underwear, in which the most shapely garments are fashioned. The Kneipp linen mesh is declared to absorb moisture quickly, and to dry with equal rapidity, and should prove a perfect boon to those who, by reason of a sensitive, tender skin, have declined to be "flanneled fools." Several representative members of the medical faculty speak in the warmest approbation of the departure and now, with the warm weather upon us, is the moment of all others to test its efficacy.

The third sketch we have provided this week is a simple model for a white and pale blue spotted cotton, trimmed with folds of self-coloured linen, the front of the pretty little bodice opening upon a "guimpe" of ivory lace.

The Menu

Some Recipes for Luncheons

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

Take two tablespoonfuls of desiccated cocoanut and let it infuse in a ½-pint of boiling water for half-an-hour. Put 1½oz. of clarified beef dripping into a stewpan, with one medium-sized onion finely minced, and a sweet apple, also finely minced, and cook them gently over the fire until the onion is just coloured, then add a tablespoonful of curry powder and a tablespoonful of flour, and fry with the other ingredients for six minutes, then moisten gradually with some stock which has been flavoured with vegetables, adding three pints of it. When the soup has boiled up and thickened, season it with salt and pepper to taste, and add a large teaspoonful of chutney and a few drops of lemon juice; draw the pan to the side of the stove and let the soup simmer for twenty-five minutes; strain the infusion of cocoanut through muslin into the soup, stir it well and pass the soup through a strainer into a hot tureen. Serve with some well boiled rice.

FILLETS OF SOLE À LA PORTUGAISE

Have ready the necessary number of fillets of fish, and steam for twenty minutes, or less if the fillets are thin. Take out, and remove the dark skin. Fold each fillet, and arrange in a fireproof dish; the dish must first be buttered, and covered with a layer of macaroni which has been boiled for half an hour; then, over the fish, place a thin layer of macaroni, and pour the cheese sauce over. Bake in a very hot oven for ten minutes to brown it, or brown with a salamander.

CHEESE SAUCE

For a dish for six people use 2oz. of butter, one dessertspoonful of flour mixed to a smooth paste together; a teacupful of milk. Boil for three minutes. Add 2 oz. of grated cheese, boil up again and then simmer for a few minutes. To boil the macaroni: take seven long pipes of macaroni and break it up. Put it into boiling water to cook thoroughly and season with a teaspoonful of salt. Boil very fast for thirty minutes. About five or six minutes before it is finished add about 1oz. of butter. Then, when done, drain off the water and pour some more boiling unsalted water over, and steam it off. The macaroni is then ready for use.

LAMB CUTLETS IN TOMATO ASPIC

Braise a neck of lamb and leave until cold; divide into cutlets, trim, and chop the bones a little shorter. Mash with tomato aspic. When cold arrange in a circle round a centre of cold green peas or cooked asparagus, tossed in oil and vinegar. For the tomato aspic use equal parts of aspic and tomato purée mixed together.

BEEF GALANTINE

This is a very tasty dish, suitable for a cold collation, luncheon, or a picnic, easily prepared, and inexpensive. Take 1¼lb. of lean beef, one gill stock, ¼lb. bacon, 6oz. breadcrumbs, two eggs, pepper and salt, and a little grated nutmeg, if liked. Put the beef, bacon, and breadcrumbs through the mincing machine, and mix with the eggs, stock and seasoning in a basin, and beat well together. Shape into a neat, short roll, tie in a buttered pudding cloth, boil for about two and a half hours. Place between two dishes to press until cold, and then brush it over with liquefied meat glaze. Let it set, and decorate tastefully with aspic jelly and cress.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARDS

Grate two cakes of chocolate into ½ pint of milk, put it in a saucepan on the fire, and keep stirring till it boils. Allow it to cool a little, and add three yolks of eggs and one white and a little sugar. Pour into small cups. Stand the cups in a large pan of boiling water till the custard is set. To be served cold

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Important Art Sale

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson will sell by auction, at their House, 47, Leicester Square, W.C., on Thursday, June 9, and following day, at ten minutes past one o'clock precisely, a valuable collection of original oil paintings, water colours, and black and white drawings, formerly published in *The Graphic* and *The Daily Graphic*, consisting of choice examples of the best work of the most celebrated artists of the day.

Mr. Cairns James's Recital

Comedy has its serious side. An excellent illustration of this fundamental truth was afforded by that admirable comedian, Mr. Cairns James, who, at his recital, recently held at Steinway Hall, was as convincing in his interpretation of Rudyard Kipling's grim humour as of James Whitcomb Riley's dainty concerts. The American poet requires in his exponents a merry humour and the very lightest touch. "Jim" and "The Brook Song" demand two different talents, or, rather, one talent which has many sides. Mr. James was as sincere in the one recitation as he was sparkling in the other. The prime instigator of this most enjoyable recital was ably supported by Miss Nannie Tout and Mr. Charles Warwick-Evans. The latter is a most masterly player of the 'cello. The performance concluded with a musical farce, by Messrs. Cairns James and Vivian Matthews, both of whom were responsible for the book. Music and plot were somewhat unimportant, but the dialogue was most amusing.

Our Coloured Supplement

Our Coloured Supplement this week of Miss Nina Sevenning is the first of a series of artistic reproductions in colours from photographs of popular players, which will be presented week by week with each copy of THE BYSTANDER.

"The Woman of To-day"

Mr. Reginald Pannett's show of pictures and impressions of "The Woman of To-day" opened on Monday, June 6. There are over forty-five picked examples of his work hung with a scheme of green and white, with just a touch of gold. The Exhibition is arranged more as a decoration for a dainty boudoir, or drawing-room than as an ordinary gallery, and decorations have been carried out in a way that does credit to the management of the Social Bureau. Messrs. Alf. Cooke, of Leeds, the late Queen's printers, have in course of production a portfolio of four pictures of "The Woman of To-day," reproduced in the best style of known colour processes, signed proofs (limited to fifty) will be on sale at the Exhibition, and an example of one of these will appear in THE BYSTANDER next week. Mr. Pannett's modern woman is a creature of daintiness and beauty, and has already made several successful appearances in THE BYSTANDER.

A Correction

We have to apologise to our readers for a rather curious error which crept into our page on the Ladies' Irish Croquet Championship, in last week's issue. In the text, and under the photographs the names of Miss Coote and Miss Dillon got into their wrong positions. Our correspondent should have said that Miss Coote who was the winner of the Championship, defeated Miss Dillon in the final round, and not *vice versa*, as stated. We also tender our apologies to the ladies in question for any inconvenience we may have caused them.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Main Chance." By Meredith Nicholson. (Ward, Lock: 6*s*.)

"Whistler as I knew him." By Mortimer Menpes. With many illustrations in colour, etc. (A. and C. Black: 40*s* net.)

"Chantrey, R.A." By A. J. Raymond. (Messrs. Denny: 1*s*. 6*d*.

"The Queen Newspaper Book of Travel." (2*s*. 6*d*.)

MR. AITCHISON'S "Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 9: "BRADSHAW BLINDNESS."

Bradshaw blindness will not be found described in any medical dictionary; it is merely a popular name for the state of affairs when the individual begins to confuse the figures 5 and 8, and such letters as *c* and *e*, *a* and *s*, in "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." The Railway Guide is perhaps the best test for reading vision that can be given, as the figures are nearly always small but, as a rule, clear and fairly well printed. The failure to distinguish one letter or figure from another shows the necessity for aid in the shape of spectacles or eyeglasses, and if the warning is taken seriously and proper glasses worn the sight can, as a rule, be preserved with very little deterioration. To fit proper glasses, however, is the work of the skilled optician, and the old-fashioned habit of choosing them haphazard is greatly to be deprecated.

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